

The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 10

JULY, 1928

NUMBER 3

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\$3.00 the Year

25¢ the Copy

THE GRAIL, a national, popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Member of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year; Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

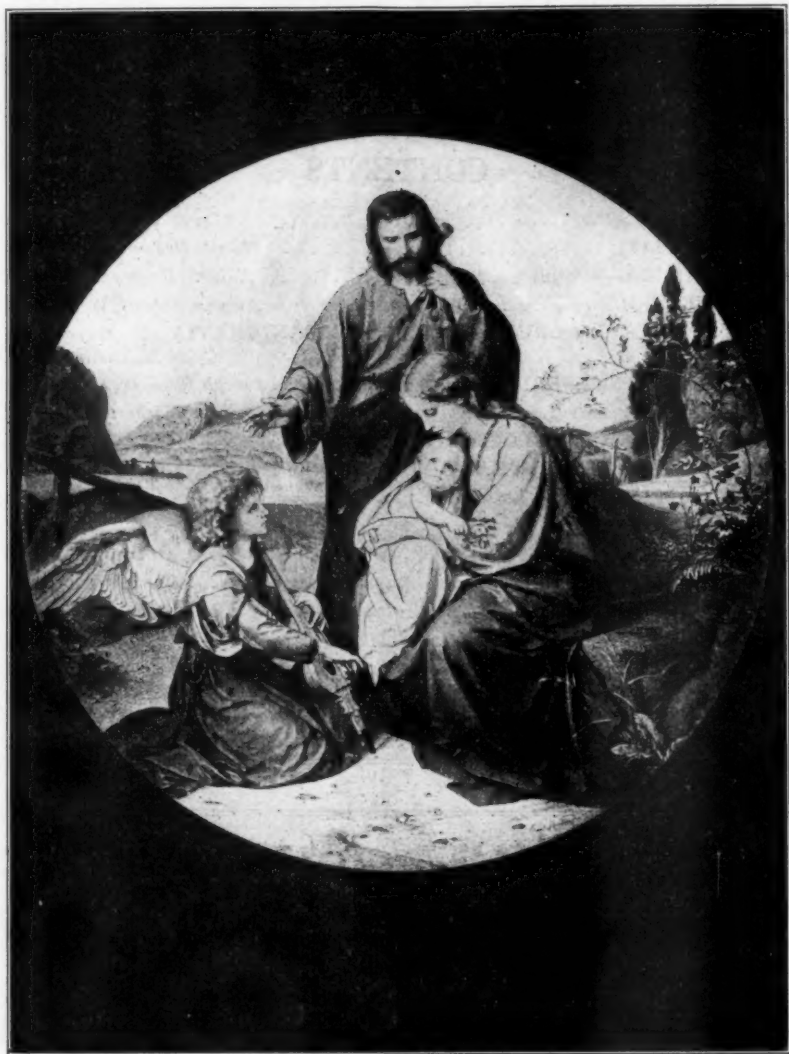
Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1927; authorized June 5, 1919.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and the new addresses.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to "The Abbey Press." Do not use or add any other name.

Address manuscripts to the editor.

Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to "The Abbey Press," St. Meinrad, Indiana.



JESUS! MARY! JOSEPH!

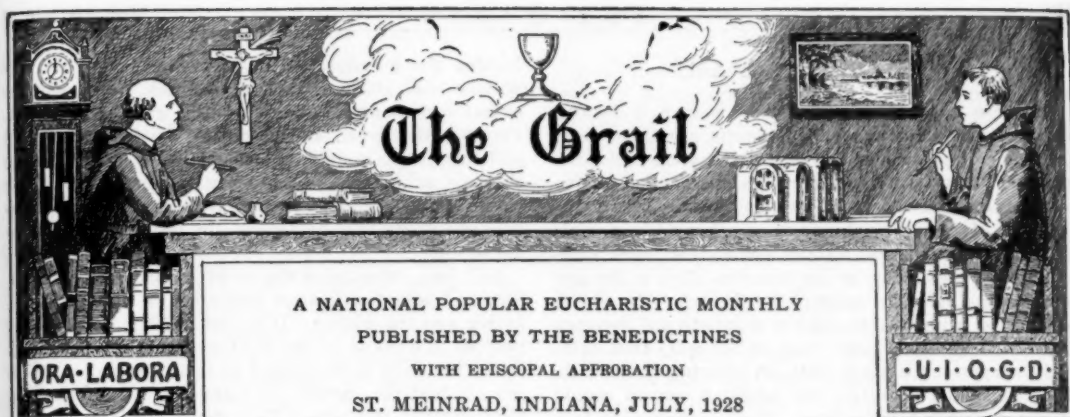
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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

What is the Value of a Soul?

It is customary to estimate the value of things by the cost price. The article purchased may be of little commercial value, yet if a high price be paid for it, the purchaser will ordinarily regard its value by its cost.

Considered from the point of view of the irreligious of our day, and their number is increasing by leaps and bounds, the soul of man is of no greater importance than its present existence. This we know from opinions commonly expressed in private conversation and from the rostrum as well as in the secular press. The recklessness with which human life is ordinarily dealt, the frequent cases of self-destruction, and the numerous murders that disgrace our civilization are further proof of the disregard of the value of the soul of man. That death ends all is the contention of an innumerable army of moderns.

Our holy religion, on the other hand, teaches us the true value of the soul. Life on earth is not merely a temporal existence of short duration, but it is a time of trial in which man is proved, a period in which to work out his salvation, a time of preparation for a never-ending life in a happy eternity. If this is not attained, everlasting death in the frightful abyss of unquenchable flames with unending torments and tortures stares the unfortunate soul in the face. Numerous texts of both the Old Testament and the New corroborate this statement. There can be no doubt as to the truth of it. The soul is the noblest part of man. The soul alone is immortal, undying. After the general resurrection, it is true, the body will be united with the soul to share in its glory or in its shame.

Only one value then can be placed upon the soul and that is the value placed upon it by God Himself. In the formation of every human being that comes into existence, God cooperates by creating an immortal soul. To the parents is confided the formation of the body, but God reserves to Himself the right to create the soul of each individual. Each human soul is destined for eternal happiness. As by the sin of our first parents a

curse came upon the human race, and heaven was thereby henceforward closed to man, so our Divine Savior came upon earth to atone for our sins, to appease His Heavenly Father, and to reopen the gates of heaven to all who should accept His mediation. This our loving Savior accomplished at an unheard-of price—His Precious Blood. If you would know what a soul is worth, measure its value by the scale used by the Son of God Himself. The price paid was none other than the life-blood of the Savior, who freely emptied the last drop from His Sacred Heart to accomplish our redemption. As the price paid for the ransom of souls was infinite, it is beyond all human power to compute its value. Yet Our Divine Savior did not consider it beneath His dignity to pay the enormous price.

If, then, our souls are so precious in the sight of God, what efforts should we not make to cooperate with Him in the saving of these same souls? Through His life and death Jesus opened heaven for us, and in His Church He has left the remedies necessary for the working out of our salvation: the sacraments and prayer. By the proper use of these means we shall attain to the purpose of our creation—eternal happiness with God and His angels in heaven.

July is the month of the Precious Blood. The Church very appropriately devotes a whole month to the cult of those saving streams by which we were cleansed from sin, especially in the sacraments of baptism and penance. Gratitude prompts us to preserve a loving remembrance of the Divine Blood that was spilled for our sakes. May that Sacred Blood not have been shed in vain in our behalf.

As love begets love, we, whose good fortune it is to know God and to be members of His Mystic Body, should be filled with a love that moves us to avoid sin, lead exemplary lives, and labor for the salvation of our fellow men. And if we accustom our lips to the frequent use of indulgenced ejaculations in honor of the Precious Blood, we shall surely please Our Savior by the grateful remembrance of the lasting benefit He has bestowed upon us in the shedding of His Precious Blood.

Hats Off! Hats On!

In these days of equality when woman is leaving the peaceful seclusion of the domestic hearth to enter the bustle of public life, and to take her place beside her husband, if not to replace him, she has donned masculine ways and customs. Now she literally wears the trousers. It is fashionable to do so. Our modern world with its fickle fads and fancies demands it. Her fashions are as changeable as her votaries. Not so the customs of the spiritual society, the Church; for she is founded on a rock. Her rules of etiquette and decorum do not change every year. One of her rules that dates back to apostolic times is that, on entering the church, a man should *remove his hat* whilst a woman should *always have her head covered*. How embarrassing to a guide who must escort a group of *hatless* Catholic tourists (ladies, mind you!) through a Catholic church. If they were non-Catholics one might excuse them, but this is usually not necessary. From their well-thumbed Bible they know what is required of them in this matter. For in St. Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians (Chap. 11) we read: "The man (when praying) ought not to cover his head, because he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of the man... But every woman praying with her head *not covered*, disgraceth her head; for it is all one as if she were shaven. For if a woman be not covered let her be shorn. But if it be a shame for a woman to be shorn (boyish bob?) or made bald, let her cover her head." The covering of her head is to show her *subjection* to her husband, "for the head of the woman is the man, and the head of every man is Christ." If some modern wives would remember these last words, there would be less cross words in their checkered life.—P. K.

Shall we Spare the Rod?

WARFIELD WEBB

TIMES have undergone a change with regard to the rearing of children. Somehow many parents of to-day seem to be of the opinion that authority is no longer an essential part of their duty. The idea is gaining that it is not essential to the well-being of the child to command both respect and obedience.

We see many present-day parents who, though they were compelled to honor and obey their parents, feel that it is not necessary to expect the same of their children. The old order has changed and the child too frequently becomes the master of his parents.

What may we not expect, or to be more exact, what do we not see to-day as a direct result of this laxity? Are the children better because they are permitted to have their own way? If the injunction to love, honor, and obey parents is all that is right or has any significance, surely it must be looked upon as essential to the welfare of the child to demand of him obedience.

A parent does not have to be either severe, cruel, or even exacting in order that the child be made respectful and obedient. But if we are to permit the child to

become the dictator, or to allow him to go his way without our guidance and admonition, what can we expect but disaster? Did not the great Apostle St. Paul say that when he was a child he spoke as a child and thought as a child. So the child is not expected to think or act as other than one who has the mind of a child. If we are going to permit the child all the freedom and laxity that he desires, the result will be harmful to him.

God has commanded the child to obey his parents. This is a sacred obligation that must be exacted by the father and the mother. It is just as obligatory for the parents to demand of the child obedience to them, as it is for the child to be subject to their commands. It is evident that the parents, in many cases, are not doing their duty in this way. They permit their children to do many things that are not right. They allow them too much liberty, because they do not want to correct them. It is so much less exacting to allow them to have their own way.

Sparing the rod has become the fashion of the day, and moral suasion, the so-called substitute, has been relegated to the background to a great extent. Shall we spare the rod and grow lax in our discipline, and feel that we are still doing that which is right?

No parents who truly love their children want to see them go astray. If the injunction has any significance, "If you love your child, correct it," then we must see that there is an obligation demanded of us to correct our children.

The importance of this command is far more weighty than some parents seem to feel. They have become grossly indifferent in this way and that is the reason why so many of our young people to-day are less eager to follow the straight and narrow path, and why we hear of so many cases of wayward youth.

We cannot blame the child for losing his faith, or growing lax in his morals when the parents permit him to go his way without any regard for obedience or parental discipline. Sometimes parents learn too late the lesson of a want of obedience on the part of their children. This can almost always be avoided, if care is taken in time to see that the child is made to honor his parents. And the latter implies obedience. The obedient child regards the advice of his parents as sacred. He loves them because he appreciates the fact that they know best and are acting for his welfare.

If we wish to have children who will be a credit to ourselves, an honor to the community, and in their hearts a fear of breaking God's laws, we must instill into their young minds the significance of obedience, and we must exact that of them before they have reached the years where parental authority has lost its importance as a safeguard and guiding star for their well-being.

St. Margaret Mary, on leaving Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, begged of Him with tenderness to accompany her to the place where obedience called her and never to leave her, since she left Him only to obey and please Him.

Liturgical Life

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

This month begins with the feast of the Precious Blood and is consecrated by the faithful to this devotion. By the shedding of His Blood our Savior redeemed us, merited for us life of the soul—unending life in heaven to be attained by our use of the means of grace, particularly of the sacraments. So when we receive the sacraments, we become indeed the beneficiaries of a new shedding of this Precious Blood. It is this marvel of love that is presented to our consideration again to-day. It is a day crimsoned with the splendor of divine love and mercy. Shed with such lavishness in our Redeemer's bloody Passion, we adore and treasure this most precious Blood which is applied so often to our souls to wash away every stain of sin and to fortify us with grace against new relapses.

On July 2 we renew the lovely mystery of the Visitation, a mystery full of the workings of the Holy Ghost. We live again in the sweet atmosphere of the Mother of God during that time when, in the first period of her divine maternity, she hastens to perform the duties of charity to her cousin Elizabeth who by divine intervention is soon to bear the great prophet, St. John the Baptist.

We picture this supreme moment in the life of the saintly Elizabeth, when the Mother of the Lord, bearing the Lord Himself, approaches her; when she cries out in the Holy Ghost, "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb"; when the infant within her, cleansed from sin and sensing the divine Presence, leaps with holy joy; and when Mary, likewise filled with the Holy Spirit, bursts forth into that canticle of her humility, the *Magnificat*, prophesying that all generations shall call her blessed, as indeed all Catholics do with heartfelt love each day throughout the world.

Again, on July 16, we do honor to the Blessed Virgin. On this day the Catholic world commemorates the feast of Mt. Carmel, under which title the Mother of God and of all Christians is universally honored for the protection she bestows on those particularly who wear her special livery, the scapular of Mt. Carmel. Never should we be without it; for this scapular is so generally worn by Catholics, that all men recognize in it the mark of a true son of the Church.

Here at St. Meinrad we observe to-day the solemn feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Einsiedeln. As our readers probably know, the monastery of St. Meinrad is a child of the parent monastery of Einsiedeln in Switzerland, a shrine famed throughout Europe as a popular place of pilgrimage for over a thousand years.

Inheriting as it did the fame of the hermit martyr, St. Meinrad, it received from him also the devotion to Our Lady, represented by the miraculous wooden figure of the Virgin enshrined in a beautiful chapel in the great abbey church. At St. Meinrad, too, we have a replica of this statue and chapel in our abbey church, where we pray to our Lady of Einsiedeln with the devotion that has for centuries inspired our brethren beyond the seas.

Finally, in close relation to our devotion to the Blessed Virgin is our observance of the feast of her holy parents, Sts. Joachim and Anna. How holy and dear to God must these have been to merit having as their own child Mary, who was to be above all creatures in heaven and on earth, the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God, the Queen of Angels and men. The devotion to St. Anne particularly has been transplanted to our continent from Europe and has resulted in countless favors to those who call on her with faith. How happily do we recall to-day the fervor with which our mothers invoke good St. Anne. May these holy parents keep our Catholic parents faithful to their difficult duties at this time when these duties are being shirked and derided by those who know not God.

Desire to receive Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with as much love as any soul has ever had for Him, and He will accept your love in proportion to the ardor with which you wish for it.—St. Mechtild.

Ora et Labora

NELL BRIGGS MORETTI,

"Be of good cheer," the Master said,
"For I have overcome."
And wheresoe'er His footsteps led,
Shall I, in passing, fear to tread,
And so stand stricken, dumb?

"What I have done, thou, too, shalt do,
And even more," He said.
"If thou art steadfast, firm and true,
And bide in me, as I in you,
There's naught to fear or dread.

"Thou hast dominion, seek it—stand!
Go thou into the world:
Heal the sick on every hand,
And spread the Truth, 'tis my command;
My banner keep unfurled."

I'll go, dear Master, to the field;
Thy mandates I'll obey.
The sword of Truth I'll ever wield,
Thy word's my buckler and my shield,—
Thy love shall light my way.

The Proper Role

Be you also as living stones built up, a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices to God by Jesus Christ.—I Peter 2:5

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"**D**RIVE in, Father," Ed Allen called out when Father Gilbert's turn came to be served.

"How much gas this morning?" he asked as he set the gage.

"As much as the tank permits, Ed," Father Gilbert replied.

Whilst they were both watching the blue foaming liquid rise in the glass container, Allen astonished his customer with: "Father, I was disappointed yesterday again."

"Ed, I believe that you are a rather hard man to please," the priest retorted with an inquiring look. "I suspect that you have another flaw to pick with my sermons."

"You see, Father," Allen continued in a tone of confidence, as he released the valve of the hose, "the matter of the explanation of the Mass has been haunting me ever since you gave me your promise. My regular prayers do not take up all my time at Mass. I should like to have you explain at least those parts that come after I have said my prayers. When I am not busy, I always want to know what is going on and understand everything I hear."

"When you are not busy!" Father Gilbert rejoined with a marked inflection of his voice. "Allen, I am afraid that you have gotten into a rut as to your manner of attending Mass. Then, too, you do not realize what rôle you are entitled to play at the Mass. When you go to Mass, you may not only *hear* Mass, but you have a right to *assist* at Mass. You can help along in the Mass."

At these words the mechanic, holding the oil cup in his hand, stopped abruptly and broke in on Father Gilbert: "Help along! Why my pew is a hundred feet from the sanctuary. Besides I am not a trustee to take up the collection, nor the sexton to ring the bells, nor do I belong to the choir. How can I help along?"

The priest needed a few moments to master his propensity to laugh at the amusing situation. "Ed," he resumed, "you are becoming quite serious. Yet I insist on what I said. You can help along. Remember, when you come to Mass you are more than an auditor, more than a spectator, you are a co-offerer with the priest. The offerers at the Mass are the whole church—the priest and all the faithful. In virtue of their baptism the laity have a true delegation to offer

sacrifice by the ministry of him who is chosen for that office, the priest, their mouthpiece. The priesthood of the laity, which St. Peter calls a royal priesthood, is based on the unity of the mystic body, the Church. As the mouth is only part of the human body, so the priest is only one member—important though he be—of the body of the Church. As the Church's delegate he performs an act which is the sacrificial act of all."

"According to that every Catholic, whether he is present at Mass or not, offers the sacrifice with the priest. Am I right?"

"You are not altogether wrong. Every Catholic in union with the Church has a share in what the Church does and in the fruits that she reaps. Excommunication of course severs the bond between the Church and those who have been cut off. Hence you see the importance not only of remaining in this union with the Church but also of uniting our intentions with those of the Church and especially with her sacrifice, which she offers daily from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and which cries to Heaven for mercy and grace. But this, our remote cooperation and participation in the Mass, neither satisfies the Church nor sufficiently meets our own spiritual needs."

"Here comes another customer, Father. But don't go until we finish this point, unless you are hard pressed for time."

"I will wait a few moments," Father Gilbert replied as he began to adjust his speedometer.

On Allen's return, Father Gilbert took up the thread of his explanation once more: "The nearer our connection with the altar, the more immediate cooperation with the Mass, and consequently the more abundant the fruits. Thus, next to the priest are the Mass servers and the choir. Hence, even distinguished personages, grown to man's state, regard the privilege of serving Mass as a high honor: last year the papers thought it worth while to chronicle the fact that the Governor General of the Irish Free State served at the Mass celebrated by his son, Father Paul Healy, S. J.; again, when Patrick Crowley, President of the New York Central Railroad, acted as Mass server for several days at Augusta, Ga., the incident was considered a valuable news item. So also recently Governor Alfred E. Smith referred with pride to the

days when he was an altar boy at St. James' Church, New York. In regard to the choir Madame Schumann-Heink remarked not so long ago that it was 'grand to sing for the Lord.'

Having picked up a washer from the ground, Allen approached nearer to the car to find the bolt or screw which might lay claim to this 'lost ring,' as Bobby Allen called it. In the meantime, Father Gilbert gave further vent to his thoughts: "Pope Pius X urged us not only to pray in the Mass but to *pray the Mass*. We pray the Mass when our prayers are the same as those of the priest. The prayer book called the missal contains all these prayers. In fact most prayer books nowadays give us the ordinary Mass prayers. What we should avoid at Mass is too much isolation and individualism even in our prayers; such isolation is possible in spite of the large crowds that pack our churches. The Mass is a common service. Christ offers and is offered and we should offer and be offered with him as a body. Formerly this community of service was much more pronounced and was also more easily attained."

"Why should there be a difference between now and formerly, Father?" Allen queried after he had given up the search for the place of the washer.

"Stress of circumstances have brought about a change," the priest replied. Then, beginning to count on his fingers, he continued: "In the first place, in the early Church the canon (the prayers after the *Sanctus* to the *Pater Noster*) was recited aloud; furthermore the faithful themselves brought to the church the bread and wine which was offered and changed into the body and blood of our Lord; then, too, the priest usually faced the people; besides the feature of adoration was not stressed as much as the offering of the Eucharistic Lord; finally, those who attended Mass took a standing position as did the priest.

In addition to all this the Mass was a parochial High Mass not a private Low Mass."

"Father, I see that you always emphasize the idea of offering. What about our collections at the Mass?" Such was Allen's question put in a tone of self-defense.

"The collections of which you speak," the pastor conceded, "are, it is true, a distant echo of the offertory procession

which took place in the earliest ages. Whilst formerly bread and wine, elements that nourish and sustain life, were gathered, now money takes their place. Money is a common means of exchange and stands therefore for all types of possessions. It is the means of maintaining the divine service in so far as it forms the support of the priests and makes the erection and upkeep of the houses of God possible. The money thus contributed is, moreover, withdrawn from profane use and reserved for sacred purposes for the honor and glory of God. The same can be said of the Mass stipend offered by those who have the Masses said.

All the while Father Gilbert watched Allen's face. Finally he couldn't restrain his curiosity any longer. "That twinkle in your eye, Ed, means something. Out with it."

"Well, Father, I couldn't help thinking of Dave Lyons who rushed past here the other morning on his way to the late Mass. He wanted change for a dollar but desired to have the whole amount in nickels. Had I known what I know now I should have played a trick on him so that he would have put nothing less than a quarter in the basket that day."

"Yes," consented Father Gilbert, with a nod, "had people the right idea of the offertory collection, nickels would more frequently be on the ban."

"Now, Father," Allen asked quite seriously, "won't you please give me a few practical hints on how I may best attend Mass to-morrow?"

"Certainly. Here is my suggestion. If you have translation of the Mass prayers in the missal, use it. However, let not only your lips but also your heart be in union with the priest. Whether you have your missal with you or not, let your sentiments up to the *Sanctus* be sentiments of self-oblation; from the *Sanctus* to the consecration let those sentiments become more

intense in view of the Eucharistic presence soon to be realized; after the consecration center your attention on Christ as a victim that pleads your cause before the Heavenly Father. Unite yourself, your needs, your cares with the Victim; after the *Pater Noster* prepare your soul directly for Holy Communion — the sacramental Communion if possible, otherwise at least the spiritual one; after



MASS IN THE CATACOMBS

Communion make your prayers expressions of thanksgiving. This order is followed by the priest in Mass. Note too that the Mass is offered to the Heavenly Father and, with the exception of a few orations on certain feasts, Christ is personally addressed only from the *Agnus Dei* on in preparation for Holy Communion. He is regarded at Mass as the great Mediator and hence the orations generally conclude with 'Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum—Through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

"That we are to unite ourselves with the priest and offer the Sacrifice with him is also clear from the frequent dialogue that takes place between the priest on the one hand and the servers and the choir on the other. But the latter are only the representatives of the people. In several of the prayers the priest expresses the active participation of the people in the Sacrifice. To emphasize this bond between himself and the people he from time to time faces them and says: 'Dominus vobiscum—The Lord be with you.'

"I see that you will soon be busy. So let me tell you just how an old grandmother among the savages helped herself to a fruitful attendance at Mass. This old lady, still a catechumen, was very ignorant and dense as to matters of faith. One day the missionary, Father Lecoque, well nigh lost his patience with her and told her that she could not receive baptism. She fell on her knees and besought the priest with tears to have compassion on her. 'Oh, my grandson,' she pleaded, 'how can you consign me on my death to so much misery after a life of such hardships?' This faith so impressed the missionary that he promised her baptism. From that day on she was at Mass every morning and stood before the log church long ahead of the time set for Mass. On Sundays she brought a leather bag along. The missionary was quite incensed on the first occasion because he suspected that she was guilty of superstition. Hence on the second Sunday he asked her rather gruffly whether she still served the devil. 'Ah, my grandson,' she entreated, 'don't be angry with me. You yourself told me that I was the most ignorant woman on earth and it is true, for I cannot even say the shortest prayer to God. That is the reason why I bring this bag to church.' Then she took from the sack a beautifully carved picture of the Blessed Virgin which had been carefully wrapped over and over. On the picture was a well-worded prayer. 'Since,' she continued, 'I do not know what to say during Mass I pray in this way for mercy: My God, I am so dumb; but You know all the good and nice things that are written on this picture and all these good and nice things I say to You—ah, accept them.' A few days later

the old grandmother was deemed worthy of baptism."

"I understand the moral. When I go to Mass to-morrow I too shall say: My God, I am so ignorant, I do not understand the prayers and ceremonies of the Mass. Father Gilbert has not explained them to me as yet, but the priest says so many good and nice things to You, nay Your own Divine Son says so many good and nice things to You. What they say I also say to You—ah, accept them."

Smiling, Father Gilbert replied: "You got more of a 'kick' out of this little narrative than I expected. Go and attend to your customers again. Come to the rectory next week and I will begin to explain the Mass to you. I don't want you to accuse me to the Lord as you have threatened to do."

Both laughed heartily. The 'chug! chug!' of Father Gilbert's car and the 'honk! honk!' of the waiting customer sounded simultaneously. "I'll be there, Father," were the last words that the priest heard.

Imagine a group of men who have decided to interview the governor of their state in a body in order to present their congratulations and good wishes on the occasion of some work recently brought to a successful issue or to seek his services in furthering a certain proposal. The members of the group choose a spokesman who is to talk and act for them. They go to the governor's office and are admitted to a waiting room. When the governor enters the spokesman announces the purpose of the interview and in well-chosen words expresses the sentiments and good wishes of the group or presents their request. The speaker, no doubt, emphasizes the fact that his sentiments are shared by the entire group. What then would anyone think if he saw one of the group sitting in a chair asleep, another reading a paper, another figuring out accounts and making entries in a notebook, and still another examining a painting on the wall? What would the governor think if he saw these things? The picture in fact seems too ludicrous to be thought possible. But that is precisely what many persons attending Mass are doing; that is if the priest in celebrating the Mass is in any way supposed to speak and act in the name of those present.—Virgil Michel, O. S. B., in "My Sacrifice and Yours."

However great the distance, we should make it with pleasure, in order to have the happiness of assisting at the holy Sacrifice of Mass and the other sacred mysteries.—Ven. Louis Blaisius.

All on a Summer's Cruise---Scanning Scandinavia

CALLA L. STAHLMANN

GOTHENBERG, on the southwestern coast of Sweden, was sighted early on Friday morning. Our reception was most friendly—newspapers sent out reporters and photographers to the ship, which was at anchor several miles from the dock; and by early afternoon a pink edition was out, devoting one-third of the front page to our pictures and to an account of our cruise! The Swedish language so closely resembles the German that a student of the latter can read the former quite well.

This city was founded during the 17th century by Gustavus Adolphus, as a commercial outlet for Sweden; it was a well-fortified town, as its name signifies—"Burg of the Goths." Dutch artisans were brought in to help plan and build the town, which was laid out according to Dutch ideas; many of the streets are canals, reminding us of Holland, or of far-off Venice. It is now a very beautiful city, famed for its parks; the residential sections are most attractive, with flower gardens all about, showing the inhabitants' pride in their surroundings. As happens everywhere when the summers are short, the vegetation is very luxuriant, and flowers attain their maturity quickly. The street cars are painted a delightful shade of Alice-blue, or perhaps I should say Copenhagen-blue, considering the close proximity of Denmark! The car windows are very large, there being probably only two or three huge plates of glass to each side of the car.

Our luncheon was served in the beautiful Botanical Gardens, where the band played the "Stars and Stripes Forever" in our honor; the tables were decorated with Swedish and American flags alternately, and the food was simply beyond description! The grand finale was luscious red raspberries with the proverbial whipped cream that can't be cut with a knife!

A visit was made to Christ Church, and to the Museum, where one finds representative types of painting and of architecture of Sweden as well as of many other parts of the world.

Many of the party made a flying trip to Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, experiencing the joys of a Swedish sleeping car. The trains are very comfortable, and are divided into classes, of course, as are all continental trains.

We were charmed by the musical auto horns, on both the private cars and the taxis, and had to buy some. From the manager of the hotel we found out the name of the best shop at which they could be purchased, and were amazed at the low prices! As a rule, we did not find things cheap in Sweden, as their money system seems to be on a very firm basis. Do not make the mistake of calling a Swede a Norwegian or vice versa—either one resents it very highly! Late in the day, I found one member of the party who had been sightseeing all day, thinking she was in Norway! I fear I spoiled the whole day for her when I disillusioned her!

Five-thirty found us at the dock, straining our eyes for the tender that was to take us out to our ship—it looked to be a very short distance, but when we found how long it took by tender, we were glad we were not swimming! The tide was very strong, and all of the pilot's skill was required to "get alongside properly" as our English mate called down, fearing the gangway might be torn away. Having reembarked at Gothenberg before dinner, we set sail soon after for Oslo, the capital of Norway, situated on a beautiful fjord; we arrived there the following morning to remain for a day and a half. We had taken on a special pilot who was thoroughly acquainted with these waters, which are very shallow in many places.

Oslo is the latest name for Christiania, as it was also the earliest, having been changed back to the original in 1925. The old Akershus Fortress, having enjoyed an historical past, is still one of the interesting places; it dates from 1299, and commands an excellent view of the fjord and the harbor. Karl Johann Gade is the main street, with the Royal Palace near-by. Visits were made to both the Historical Mu-



STAVE CHURCH—FOLK MUSEUM



Norwegian Girl of Hardanger

seum and the Art Museum, where we saw weapons and implements from the Viking period, and paintings from Italian and Dutch, as well as from Norwegian masters; but our fancy was captured by the "Folkemuseet," or Folk Museum in the immediate neighborhood of Oslo. This Museum is unique in its kind in the Scandinavian peninsula, if not in the world. It comprises an assemblage of everything that can throw

any light upon the ancient culture of Norway. It consists of a city and a rural section, systematically-arranged collections, and an open-air theater, where plays are still presented on pleasant evenings. The study of Hendrik Ibsen, the famous writer, is preserved in one of the buildings; we may see this room only from behind a glass door. There are collections of implements for fire, light and heating; musical instruments, toys, textiles, and articles of handcraft in silver, tin, and glass. There is a church with fittings and ornaments almost entirely made of wood handsomely carved; a collection of old carriages; a bath house, for very primitive steam baths!

One of the most interesting buildings in this collection is an old "Stave Church," which was presented to the nation by King Oscar II and moved here; it is built entirely of staves of wood, without windows, and dates from the twelfth century. Handsome Norwegian girls in native costumes, representing all the various districts, are in charge of the buildings, and very shyly consent to being photographed! The Museum is far from complete, but is being added to as fast as opportunity permits.

Another point of extreme interest is the Oseberg Ship—it was the burial place of a Viking Queen and was built about 800 A. D. In it was also her favorite chariot, which is now on display in the University Collection of Antiquities; it is a masterpiece of wood carving and is well preserved. The Queen's favorite servant girl had been buried with her; also beds, rugs, lamps, a sleigh, horses, dogs, an ox, and all kinds of kitchen implements. This is supposed to have been the funeral barge of Queen Aasa, the grandmother of Harold the Fairhair, and strengthens the belief that the Vikings expected to carry on in the next world, or Valhalla, as they had done on earth. This barge was only discovered in the year 1904, buried beneath a

peat bog, which accounts for its excellent state of preservation. The ship has finally been permanently located in a building especially constructed for it, while its contents are in the University Museum.

There are charming drives and walks about the town, and the visitor must get up into the woods and hills overlooking Oslo, to get the proper atmosphere. There is a large number of excellent restaurants, both in the city and in the environs, where food, service, and music are of the best. The city is also famed for its furs and its silversmiths; there are many shops abounding in articles of gold, silver, enamel, and wood carvings, which produce wonderful additions to our collections of keepsakes. Our hotel was most attractive; huge vases of the largest sweet peas I have ever seen adorned our tables; music for dancing was furnished during luncheon, and "Jack and Jill," noted professional dancers, entertained us as well! Once more we heard "Stars and Stripes" as at Gothenberg. The tenders plied busily all day and evening; many dined ashore and went to the theater to see what Norway's "Follies" were like, and the "Standing Room Only" sign had to be hung out! The next morning was Sunday, and quite a few went ashore to attend church; by noon the Stockholm party had returned, and we set sail for Bergen on the western coast of Norway, arriving at noon on Monday. I nearly forgot about the Flower Market we saw on Saturday in Oslo. An entire square in the center of the shopping district is given over to the flower stalls; each merchant has his or her own little place, with protective awnings spread above. I have never seen more gorgeous gladioli, sweet peas, or roses—even the far-famed Flower Market of Brussels did not make the impression upon me that the market of Oslo did. We bought all we could carry, and had to find a taxi to take us back to the dock.

Bergen was founded during the eleventh century and flourished especially under the Hanseatic League; the town has always been noted for its fisheries. Our steamer went right alongside the dock here, and we could walk down the gangway and be ready to go in no time! The approach to the city up the fjord was beyond description—we crept so slowly, the pilot watching carefully for the shallows; we could see buildings, manufactories, and small towns on either side, so close that it seemed we could almost touch them; summer camps and homes; narrow branches and arms of the fjord—at times we thought we could go no farther, but were up against solid rock! Then, just at the right moment, an opening would appear and on we would go. As we neared the city, we could see the remains of the earliest fortifica-

tions of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the old Banqueting Hall of King Haakon; the latter has been restored in recent years, and one can almost imagine he hears the minstrels of old within.

The Hanseatic League formerly occupied a whole section of the town, and was nearly a walled town within the town; all their customs were foreign, and they had their own rules and laws, police and courts, and ruled trade with a high hand among the natives; all of their relics are preserved within the Hanseatic Museum, where one may see how business was carried on, and how they lived; their old German Church is still in existence, and is of great interest.

Nearby is the Fish Market, which was in its day one of the most colorful sights in Europe on market day. Of course, it is merely a shadow of its former self now, but still worthy of a visit. Next we came to the funicular railway which carried us up, up, up, to the top of the Floien Mountain, whence there is a marvellous view of the city of Bergen, of the harbor and the ships, and of the surrounding country and the fjords for many miles. There is a very up-to-date restaurant and tea room at the summit, where delicious food may be procured—I doubt whether any restaurant can boast of a better outlook than this! Heather grows abundantly along the paths, reminding one of Scotland—maybe it is true after all that Scotland was formerly a part of the continent, and got broken off!

Later we visited the shopping section, went for a ride in the country, visited the Fair, and "did the town" properly! We had been met, immediately upon landing, by myriads of boys who were distributing cards of advertisements, and maps of the town with red lines and arrows, each one telling of the best and only place in town to buy! The shops offered gold and silver filigree work, enamels, and Viking boat models, and at no small prices!

The Norwegian Industries Fair provided the most local color of any place we saw! There we saw Mr. and Mrs. Norway, and all the small Norways dressed in their Sunday best,

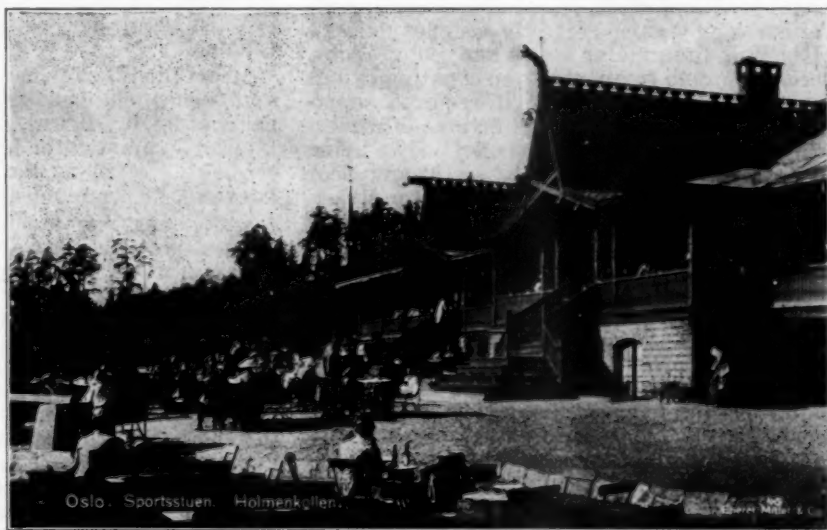
viewing the products of their own dear country. And, oh, the Merry-Go-Round! It was right beside a small lake, and the faster it went around, the nearer one seemed to be sliding off, due to some unseen centrifugal force, and the chances were two to one of landing on the ground or in the water! However, no such catastrophe took place, and we reached the ground safely in the natural way.

Among their exhibits were minerals, machinery, musical instruments, gold and silver work, toys, leather goods, textiles, books, timber, wood, and foodstuffs and beverages—and the curiosities were not all in booths as far as the natives were concerned: we Americans afforded as much interest to some of them as the Fair itself! They are a very courteous and hospitable people, though.

The crowning feature of the whole day was the most excellent dinner at the Hotel Norge, where we sampled all the native dishes, from soup to nuts! And I must tell you it was delicious!

This was a Red-Letter Day for Bergen—there were three cruise ships in the harbor at once, carrying over two thousand visitors to see the town and to buy souvenirs! Seemingly the whole population was down to see us off at eleven o'clock that night—or, twenty-three o'clock, as they say on the continent! They cheered loudly as we sailed down the fjord, with our orchestra playing Norwegian, English, and American national airs—never had we had so kindly a reception and send-off, and probably we never shall have such a one again! A heavy

(Continued on page 133)



RESTAURANT IN NORWAY

An Apostle of Suffering in Our Day

REV. JOSEPH KREUTER, O. S. B.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—"Whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth" is as true to-day as it was when these words were written centuries ago. For our edification and instruction God still permits His chosen servants to be purged and chastened in the crucible of suffering, that, being thus cleansed from the defilement of sin, they may wing their flight from the dregs of earth to the delights of paradise, there to enjoy the beatific vision throughout eternity.

A recent exemplification of the truth expressed above is briefly told in the sketch that follows. Sister M. Annella Zervas, O. S. B., whose short life of twenty-six years was spent in the service of her Master, was a tender "passion flower" which was coaxed to maturity—and burst into full bloom—under the benign influence of the Holy Rule of St. Benedict, whose spiritual daughter she was. The Vigil of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 14, 1926, was the day of dissolution, to which Sister Annella had eagerly looked forward. A little less than two years have elapsed since this little "passion flower" was plucked by the Divine Gardener and placed in the heavenly Jerusalem to bloom eternally.

EARLY YEARS

"YES, Lord, send me more pain, but give me strength to bear it," is the prayer that was repeatedly uttered by Sister Annella in the midst of excruciating pains of body and anguish of soul which lasted almost continually for two long years. Perfectly resigned to God's Holy Will, the sufferer lay on her bed of agony, serene of mind, frequently even chanting hymns in praise of God. Indeed, it required superhuman strength to bear the tortures of a most loathsome disease, which made her body a living prey to corruption, to keep cheerful and clear in mind under the most severe mental strain. Sister Annella may justly be called an apostle of suffering. An account of her marvelous patience and abandonment to God's Holy Will must prove a source of inspiration and consolation to all that tread life's narrow path. Here was a soul that knew what it meant to love the Cross; not only the image of the Crucified, but the cross of helpless confinement to a bed of pain. Yes, there are still souls left, even in our age of ease and pleasure-seeking, that are willing to carry their cross patiently, yes, cheerfully, no matter how heavy it may be. Sister Annella was one of these.

Her favorite poem, "Rabboni," reflects the sublime sentiments of her soul:

When I am dying,
How glad I shall be
That the lamp of my life
Has been burned out for Thee;
That sorrow has darkened
The pathway I trod;
That thorns, not roses,
Were strewn o'er the sod;
That anguish of spirit
Full often was mine,
Since anguish of spirit
So often was Thine,
My cherished Rabboni!
How glad I shall be
To die with the hope
Of a welcome from Thee. Amen.

Sister M. Annella Zervas, O. S. B., was born at Moorhead, Minnesota, April 7, 1900. The excellent training she received from her parents engendered in her tender heart a deep faith and loving trust in God. These virtues proved the mainstay in her agonizing trials and tribulations in later years. Early in life, Anna, this was her baptismal name, showed talent and love for music, which she assiduously set about to cultivate.

In her prayers she was very regular and devout. Obedience, cheerfulness, and kindness seemed to be natural to her. Ever ready to serve others, she would gladly bring sacrifices for them. In her dress she was plain and modest. At school her behavior and diligence were exemplary.

When the time for her first Holy Communion approached, she took great pains in preparing her soul for it. It was, indeed, a day of intense interior happiness for her. At first she would receive as often as her confessor permitted; later on, she communicated daily.

On leaving the parochial school of her home town, Anna attended Sacred Heart Academy at Fargo, N. Dak. During this period she daily walked a mile from her home to attend Holy Mass at the Cathedral of Fargo and to receive Holy Communion. Then she would partake of a frugal lunch in the vestibule of the church and hurry to school a distance of one mile. Throughout her life she entertained a special devotion to her Eucharistic Lord and Master.

At the age of fifteen Anna expressed a strong desire to consecrate her life to God in religion. With the consent and blessing of her spiritual director, P. Alfred, O.S.B., and her parents, she entered the convent of the Benedictine Sisters



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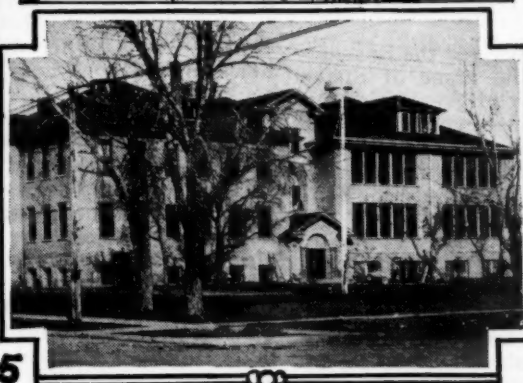
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(1) Anna Zervas two and a half years of age. (2) At First Holy Communion. (3) At eight. (4) As a Benedictine Nun—Sister M. Annella, O. S. B. (5) St. Mary's School at Bismarck, N. D., where Sister Annella taught music. (6) Simple marker on her grave in the God's Acre at St. Joseph, Minn.

at St. Joseph, Minnesota, in August, 1915. Anna had always loved her parents, brothers and sisters very dearly; yet, she brought the sacrifice cheerfully. The words of St. Paul: "What shall separate me from the love of Christ?" etc.,

were her guiding star in leaving all for Christ's sake. Severe interior trials had preceded her final decision to consecrate herself unreservedly to God. In a little poem composed by her at this time, entitled: "Christ's Ways of Love,"

she refers to these trials and thanks the Lord for them.

As an aspirant in the convent, she at once entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of her vocation. The letters which she wrote to her parents reflect the happiness that was hers in the cloister. Repeatedly she expresses her heartfelt thanks to them for permitting her to follow her sublime calling, adding that, if many young people in the world would know of the happiness of the religious life, they would hasten to seek admission to the cloister.

God had many trials in store for this generous soul. In spite of her happiness she began to be harassed by homesickness, which at times grew so strong that she felt tempted to leave the convent. Fervent prayers and will power aided her in remaining faithful to her vocation. Whenever she was home during vacation she felt irresistibly drawn back to the convent.

About this time a new suffering made its appearance. It proved the forerunner of her later inexplicable ailment. A burning pain, which developed in the stomach, remained with her to the end of her life. Medical examinations failed to discover a reason for it.

The aspirant made rapid progress in the spiritual life. She profited greatly by the annual retreats. The resolutions which she noted down during the spiritual exercises give ample evidence of this. One of these resolutions reads: "With the grace of God I am determined to become a saint!" We find it repeated in slightly different words in her diary.

On June 17, 1918, Anna received the Benedictine habit together with the name of Sister Mary Annella. It was a day of great rejoicing of soul for the novice and closer union with her God. The letters which she wrote to her parents during the novitiate are replete with allusions to her spiritual progress and interior happiness.

On July 11, 1919, Sister Annella was admitted to simple profession. In the fall of that year she was appointed music teacher and organist of St. Mary's Parish, Bismarck, N. Dak. This position afforded her ample opportunity to employ her musical talent in the service of her Eucharistic Lord, whom she loved so ardently. It was a source of delight for her to train the choir in the liturgical chant of the Church. During this time new temptations to abandon her vocation began to trouble her soul. They grew stronger as the time for her perpetual vows drew nearer. With the help of God, and under the prudent guidance of Rev. J. Slag, her director, she was able to overcome these trials.

In July 1922, Sister Annella pronounced her perpetual vows. From that day all doubts con-

cerning her vocation had vanished completely. She now would belong irrevocably to God. Her happiness was intense, still enhanced by the thought that two of her sisters, for whom she had offered many prayers, had consecrated their lives to God in the same convent on the same day. Sister Annella had remarked on that occasion: "My next great feast will be when I leave this world." And so it was.

The many physical and mental sufferings which had been Sister Annella's portion ever since she had entered the convent, and which she had borne so patiently, seemed to have been destined to prepare her for the dreadful tortures that were yet in store for her.

About a year after her solemn profession a peculiar skin disease attacked her body. Terrible itching tormented her by day and by night. Every available remedy was tried, but without results. Still she continued her work as music teacher and organist although it required almost superhuman efforts. Hot baths in different solutions, lasting from three to five hours, were daily given her. Then she would fall asleep all exhausted; upon awakening, new attacks of pain would follow. The best skin specialists were consulted, but no cause of the ailment could be detected, no remedy was known to them. The condition of the sick sister grew steadily worse. Her body became so contracted, her face so disfigured that her parents at their next visit failed to recognize their own daughter. Yet, Sister Annella never complained of her sufferings, she remained resigned to God's Holy Will, yes, bore her pains cheerfully. No one who saw her would have believed that her soul was overwhelmed with grief, her body racked with pain.

All this was merely leading up to still greater trials that were yet to come. Head, face, hands, and feet began to fester and to bleed. The pains became more intense; the patient's cheerfulness remained the same. Her superiors placed her in care of competent physicians at Mayo's Hospital, Rochester, still hoping to give her some relief. But all efforts to alleviate her pains seemed only to increase them. Finally, the doctors declared the ailment incurable. Sister Annella appeared destined to become an apostle of suffering.

With the consent of her superioress the sick sister was transferred to her parents' home. Her mother, although frail in health herself, was eager to take care of her suffering daughter. This happened during the summer of the year 1924. The heroism of the sufferer was yet to be put to the supreme test.

CHEERFULNESS IN SUFFERING

Sister Annella was in a most pitiable condition, which lasted for two long years. The

hearts of those who visited her were moved to compassion at the sight they beheld. It was evident that only superhuman strength could enable the patient to bear those physical and mental tortures with patience and resignation. From six to seven times each day violent attacks of pain came over her weakened frame, her limbs swelled to enormous size, pus and a burning watery substance oozed out of the pores. It was to be feared that she would lose her mind, so violent the pangs became at times. Yet, her mind remained as clear and alert as before. Being told that God would bless her for suffering so heroically, she replied: "It is a blessing that I can suffer this. I could not do it, if God did not give me strength." At another time when it was remarked that some day she would be happy as a reward for her great patience, she said, "I am happy even now in spite of my intense pains."

Her cheerfulness was remarkable. She never showed anxiety about herself, her illness, ways or means to alleviate her sufferings, leaving all in the hands of God, perfectly willing that His designs in her regard be accomplished. She even seemed to be convinced that a cure was out of the question, unless God Himself would take the ailment from her. One day she stated to her mother: "About a year ago I seemed to be almost cured. Then the thought came to me that I might not have borne my pains as patiently as God desired it. So, I went to the chapel and declared to the Lord my willingness to accept the ailment anew, if this were His Holy Will. And the affliction returned with redoubled force." At the same time, Sister Annella was ever ready humbly to submit to any treatment which might give her relief, even though it caused her new pains.

Her disease was making rapid progress; large tumors formed on her neck and face, in her ears and mouth, over the entire body, suppurating constantly; attacks of terrible itching occurred. Her only consolation and source of strength was daily Holy Communion, which she received with great fervor. Her mind continued clear and cheerful. As she lingered on in this marvelous union of pain and peace, her body covered with running sores, her soul serene and uplifted, the beholders could not but compare her to that model of hope and patience, the Patriarch Job. In spite of all her afflictions she would at times do fancy work, ever anxious to be occupied and helpful to others.

The devoted mother kept close to her daughter and cheerfully administered to her in every possible way. A painful ailment, which had weakened her considerably, seemed to have vanished completely as soon as she had taken Sister Annella into her care.

Despite the efforts of the mother to soothe

and strengthen her daughter's agonizing frame, no relief was found. One day Sister Annella described her sufferings thus: "I feel as if hot steam was blown against my body and I was thrust into a press with such violence that I can barely breathe and as if the blood was forcing itself out of the pores, but could not get through."

More unbearable even than the bodily pains was the anguish of soul which Sister Annella had to endure—interior trials full of bitterness and disgust. Being told by a friend on one occasion to make frequent offerings of her sufferings, she said: "That has all been done right from the start; fearing the pains might become so intense that I would forget to make an offering of them to God, I recommended them to the care of the Blessed Virgin, that nothing would be lost."

Again, when a remark was passed on the excess of her pains, she declared: "It is the kind of suffering I am enduring," meaning the mental anguish. "I have a secret with God which makes me very happy that only God and myself know what I am suffering."

Insomnia was added to the afflictions of Sister Annella. However, it must be stated that immediately after Holy Communion she would fall into a deep sleep and apparently rest for two or three hours. During this time her limbs and muscles constantly twitched and quivered—a truly pitiful sight. Upon awakening, the pains began anew and continued day and night. Sister Annella had no desire to relieve her sufferings by drugs. She was willing to empty the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. Strength to do this she asked and obtained from the Lord.

As the disease progressed, little thornlike stickers appeared imbedded in the pores; being pressed or drawn out, they left openings which remained for some time and caused considerable discomfort.

In the fall of the year 1924, Sister Annella's condition began slowly to improve, thanks to careful dieting and osteopathic treatment. She was once more able to leave her bed of pain and to visit the parish church. Skin grew anew over her emaciated body, her appetite returned, her weight increased considerably. It seemed as if her cure was merely a question of time. Still her body never regained its former normal condition. The flesh remained diseased, numerous running sores continued to cause great sufferings. The burning pain in her stomach could not be relieved. Careful medical examinations, however, discovered that all the inner organs of the patient were in normal condition.

During the following winter (1924-1925) Sister Annella was able to go about. When this state of affairs continued in the course of spring and a part of summer, she began to hope that

soon she might be able to resume her former occupation as music teacher. God's Providence had willed otherwise. The ascent of a painful Calvary remained for her.

On one hot day of summer, her disease returned with redoubled force. The Sister had gone to church to make her confession. Immediately after the confession a violent attack of pain drove her out of church. Bathed in tears, she arrived home tormented by pangs and anguish of soul at the thought that she might have given scandal to others by the hurry with which she had left the place of worship. From this day forward she remained unable to attend any religious services; the last and most trying series of her afflictions was to begin. Daily the priest would bring to her sick room the "Bread of the Strong," which she received with ardent longing and devotion.

Symptoms that had hitherto not been observed in the patient began to develop. What had formerly pleased her, now annoyed her intensely; even the birds that flew past the window of her sick room would greatly irritate her—another form of mental suffering.

Accustomed to be active, the sick Sister at times busied herself with fancy work, read in the Bible or the lives of the Saints or chanted sacred hymns. Ever interested in the welfare of others she gladly gave advice whenever she was requested. Her own affairs she left in the hands of God, desiring that in all things His Holy Will be done. Finding herself unable to pray on account of excessive pains, she said: "I offer my sufferings as prayer; if God desired that I should pray, He would give me the ability to do so."

RESIGNATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES

It is impossible to give an adequate description of the many phases which developed in the course of Sister Annella's strange ailment. We can merely hint at the various sources whence arose new and terrible pains and pangs for soul and body. The palms of her hands burst open and the fissures gave forth a sickening odor. Her body was covered with large festering ulcers, several of which had two and three openings. Her scalp was suppurating so profusely that it loosened and could be lifted up. Her skin peeled off in strips, and it became necessary to pack the body in cotton batting in order to protect it against the air. A vicious, fetid, light-greenish fluid oozed forth from the pores; at times, the perspiration was clear blood. The numerous ulcers on her legs caused a contraction of the muscles, forcing the patient to keep in a semi-reclining position on her bed of agony. Moreover, the slightest move of body or limbs proved extremely painful to her. The fever,

varying between 100 and 103 degrees, never left her. Her hearing was tormented by certain sounds that would re-echo in her ears and cause great annoyance.

It must be repeated here that Sister Annella never lost her wonted cheerfulness and even temper in spite of these accumulated afflictions. Praying, chanting of hymns in honor of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin, reading and fancy work remained her favorite occupations. All who visited her left her highly edified.

Nor was she spared additional forms of torture. One day she described one of these as follows: "I feel as if steel needles were darting through my head and down to the shoulders; some of them even seem to pierce through my whole body. I can see them coming; they are terrible." Then she would try to ward them off with her hands.

Sister Annella was able to take only very little and light nourishment, although a ravening hunger afflicted her. During her slumber she often dreamt of eating food which, however, seemed altogether tasteless to her.

Several times it appeared as if she had at last reached the end of her sufferings. Her parents summoned the parish priest that he might assist her in her dying hour. It seemed only a matter of minutes until the soul would be released from the tormented body. Yet, Sister Annella herself was convinced that the end was not so close at hand. She was still ready to endure further suffering, if it were God's Holy Will.

The consolation of being able to receive visitors, which is ordinarily enjoyed by the sick, was denied our patient. Because of her constant and excessive pains it seemed advisable to her parents to admit only close relatives and fellow religious to her sick room. It may be stated here that all physicians who had treated Sister Annella during her long illness were unanimous in declaring her ailment non-contagious.

It happened that the pains became so intolerable that the Sister would moan and weep; immediately the thought began to torment her soul that she might appear to others impatient or complaining. A profound anguish came over her soul when it seemed to her "that God Himself has forgotten that there is on earth such a poor creature like myself," as she was wont to express herself in such trying hours. But the loving trust in God that had been such a characteristic virtue of Sister Annella in her ailment never, even for a moment, failed her in time of dereliction. She remembered and frequently recited the words of her favorite poem:—"How glad I shall be that anguish of spirit full often was mine, since anguish of spirit so often was Thine!" By ardent prayer she ob-

tained strength to endure this interior abandonment unto the supreme purification of her soul.

TRIALS OF SOUL AND BODY

It is difficult to explain how a soul, living in a decaying body such as Sister Annella's appeared to be, should still be harassed by violent assaults. Yet, this was the case. These trials often became so terrible that she would clasp her hands tightly, scream and roll in her bed, strain and groan. She then implored her mother to stay at her side, suddenly turned toward the window of her room and exclaimed in a commanding tone: "Begone!" as if rebuking some unseen being.

Her body and all its limbs became more emaciated day by day; still, all symptoms, pains and vexations continued, even increased.

Many novenas of prayers and Holy Masses had been offered up for the welfare of the sick Sister. But strange to say, her pains usually increased during these novenas. It was God's will that she should carry her cross to the top of Calvary. The conviction on her part that there was no cure for her ailment prevented her from asking for a cure. Neither did it cause her to grieve over her condition; on the contrary, she preserved her cheerfulness and perfect resignation, even desiring that her attendants share in her sentiments. Whenever it seemed that her mother might feel discouraged over the hopeless outlook into the future, Sister Annella consoled and comforted her saying: "O mother, you have done all you could possibly do for me. There is no cure. It's God's holy Will!"

She remarked one day to a sister in religion who was with her: "Sister, I wish I could die." Immediately she feared that she might have scandalized the sister and asked her pardon, declaring: "I do not wish to die; I am willing to live on and suffer as long as God wills it," and tears of compunction came to her eyes.

Sister Annella loved the virtue of humility. If it was possible, she would hide her bodily pains and mental anguish. When admiration for her heroic patience was expressed, she said: "Do not speak of that! I am only a heap of rottenness!"

For two years the mother of Sister Annella had cheerfully nursed her afflicted daughter. She had been happy when Mother Louise, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's Convent, had yielded to her urgent requests to permit her to take charge of the afflicted sister. She had considered it a great privilege to spend herself in the service of Christ's special friend. But, now a time came when she began to feel depressed and unable to continue the exhausting work. This humiliating trial she had kept to herself. At this time the former painful ailment, which had left her on the very day when she had taken her

afflicted daughter to her home, returned to her with redoubled force. Intensely worried over his sad turn of events, and calling to God for help, she suddenly felt a strong determination to continue the care for her daughter at any cost. And, from that day forward, her ailment left her again and has never returned.

The body of our heroic sufferer had become so emaciated by continued suppuration and pains that she could be carried about like a child. Toward the end of her life another strange phenomenon of her ailment made its appearance. Satan seemed to have her singled out as one to be savagely persecuted to the very door of death. Her facial features became subject to sudden changes to such a degree that the beholder could well doubt if the person before him was the same one he had seen a moment before. At one time she had the appearance of an old debauched man, at another that of Satan himself. Yet, this did not affect Sister Annella in the least. She preserved her usual cheerfulness and resignation and successfully warded off the interior attacks of the tempter.

"Mother," she said one day, "it seems to me as if a thousand devils were around me." She also revealed to her parents that as a child she had at regular intervals been subjected to sudden severe attacks of anger which she, however, had secretly and steadfastly overcome. Later on these trials had ceased to harass her soul.

During her prolonged ailment Sister Annella had experienced much supernatural consolation and interior joy. When she was reminded of the many relics of martyrs and other saints she had in her sick room, she replied: "I feel that Jesus is near me and that I am close to Him." During her most severe attacks of pain she exclaimed: "O Jesus, send me more pain, but give me strength to bear it." A public novena was held at the Shrine of Our Lady of Victory, Lackawanna, N. Y., August 5-14, 1926, in which Sister Annella had been included. During this time her sufferings increased considerably as had invariably been the case in previous novenas. Her death occurred on the day of the closing of this novena. The days preceding her death were a strange mixture of great joy and terrible mental agony.

Frequently the patient gave expression to her delight at the thought that soon she would be permitted to be with Jesus. "I am happy to be able to die soon. I do not wish you to pray for my recovery and I thank God for the sufferings He sent me."

The pains in her stomach increased in violence. "I feel as if a hammer had struck me," she declared. And again: "I could write a book on my sickness," or, "I am buying for myself a ticket for eternity, and it is well worth its price." She seemed to have had a premonition

that her death was not far off. The fancy work which had engaged her for many a lonely hour she handed to her mother, saying: "I cannot finish this." She had expressed her desire to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption with Our Lady in heaven. This favor was granted her.

On the morning of August 13 it was discovered that during the night her face and tongue had become paralyzed. She asked to be permitted to communicate earlier that day. After she had received the Holy Eucharist, her death agony seemed to begin; a profuse perspiration of a brownish color covered her body, the skin peeled off anew. She exclaimed: "Oh, how delighted I shall be to see Jesus and His Blessed Mother and to converse with them!" She then consoled her sorrowing mother and sisters and repeatedly requested them to thank God. Later on she became very quiet and weak. Thinking that now the end was at hand, her parents summoned the parish priest to her bedside. Holy Viaticum was administered and the prayers for the dying were recited. After this the patient rallied again, but her cup of suffering was not yet full to overflowing.

Sister Annella was once more able to speak distinctly. Her desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ was more intense from hour to hour. She asked her mother to converse with her on heaven, consoled her, declaring that she would soon be with Jesus, Whose Bride in religion she had been and Who would not refuse her any request in behalf of her mother. After this she fell into a profound meditation, gazing through the window of her sick room toward heaven, then raising herself as if in ecstasy she began to recite aloud and distinctly the verses of her favorite poem "Rabboni": "When I am dying,—How glad I shall be—That the lamp of my life—Has been burned out for Thee!"

Toward evening she asked to see the priest. She then made her last confession. Repeatedly inquiring of her mother the hour of the day she said: "Oh, how long will it yet be!"

THE FINAL STRUGGLE

The last and most terrible struggle was approaching. The dying sister again and again requested that her bed and room be sprinkled with holy water. Satan's attack seemed to begin gradually. Fear and anxiety became noticeable in her look and behavior, waxing stronger with each succeeding minute. Suddenly uttering a piercing, heartrending shriek, Sister Annella seized her pillow with both hands and tried to cover her face, tossing from one side to the other, as if in an attempt to evade an unseen pursuer that was endeavoring to strangle her; screaming in horror and struggling with all her might, she caught hold

of her mother's wrist and sent forth a wild cry of fear and anguish that could be heard at a great distance. Chilled to the heart by this shriek and by the terrifying look of her daughter, the mother tried vainly to loosen the iron grip of the ice-cold hands of the sufferer on her wrist. Still endeavoring to ward off her persecutor, the Sister at last fell back groaning in strained sounds as of one near strangulation. The frightened mother hastened downstairs to summon her husband from his place of business. As she held the telephone in her hands, her husband at the other end of the line was able to hear distinctly the strangling sounds of terror that came from Sister Annella's sick room. At this juncture the battle began to rage fiercely, beating sounds and continued screams were heard, as if the patient, whom her mother had left alone in the room, were clashing with her adversary. Returning to Sister Annella's room, her mother found her in partly raised, partly kneeling posture with her right hand beating the air and repeating aloud: "Begone, you filthy creature! I can't bear to see you! begone!" adding various invocations to the Lord and His Blessed Mother for help as she was wont to do in previous attacks of physical pain and mental anguish. When her father eventually entered the room, she greeted him with a smile and said: "Thank God, it's over! I feel better now!"

After a brief pause the attack was resumed. Once more Sister Annella fell back struggling on for some time and giving forth the same strangling sounds as before. Later it was noticed that the double blanket with which she had been covered was so tangled and twisted that it was difficult to unravel it. It bore mute evidence to the fierce combat that had taken place during the night. Sister Annella never revealed the details of this and similar previous trials. They seemed to belong to that secret which she had with her God.

Ere the attack had come to an end, the patient requested that she be given her relic crucifix. When she tried to bring the crucifix to her lips, she found herself unable to do so; even holding it with both hands and endeavoring with all her might to kiss the sign of Redemption, her hands against her will passed over her head as if an uncanny power were controlling them. Finally, her sister, who witnessed the struggle, pressed her own crucifix to the lips of the patient. The rosary was then recited by all present, an act of resignation was made, and the prayer to St. Benedict for a happy death said. During the last prayer Sister Annella became quiet.

Meanwhile the priest had entered the sick-room carrying with him the Blessed Sacrament. He placed it on the Communion table on which

It had rested so often before. The invocations for the dying were said and absolution once more pronounced. It was thought advisable not to administer Holy Viaticum again. During her illness Sister Annella had repeatedly said: "I wonder if I will be afraid to die. You know I have to die all alone." Her Divine Savior, Whom she had so ardently loved in life, wished to be near His faithful spouse and aid her in her dying hour. She, who had so often before felt His special presence, was privileged to have Him near her in His sacramental species during her final struggle.

The tempest had calmed, a wonderful change had come over the exhausted frame. Bodily pain and mental anguish had given place to a delightful ease and contentment. Sister Annella appeared joyously triumphant. Peacefully she passed away in the presence of her Sacramental Lord, surrounded by her parents, brothers and sisters, and a group of fellow religious. It was August 14, 1926, the Vigil of the Feast of the Assumption. It had been her fervent wish and prayer to celebrate the Feast of Our Lady in heaven. The penetrating, nauseating odor of corrupt flesh that had followed in the wake of her ailment disappeared altogether from the moment of her passing. Her body was emaciated to such a degree by mental and physical sufferings and constant suppuration that its weight at death was less than forty pounds. She had attained the age of 26 years.

The remains of the heroic sufferer were carried to the parish church where she had so often visited and received her divine Lord. There she lay now in her simple casket of black, clothed in her religious habit, the crucifix she had kissed so often in extreme anguish in her hands—a picture of rest after long and cruel struggles.

Thence the body was removed to St. Joseph where amid the impressive monastic ceremonies it was buried in the convent cemetery.

Here among her departed sisters in religion she rests under a simple cross, the emblem of sorrow and glory. May she, who had despised the world and its vanities and had chosen the cross and pain, confidently await the day of the glorious resurrection that has been promised to those who tread in the footsteps of their Crucified Savior.

Where in all the world do we find souls that have the courage to pray for more suffering as Sister Annella had done? Overwhelmed with pain and anguish, she was athirst with the spirit of sacrifice to such a degree that she asked for more sufferings and the strength to endure it. There are, indeed, not a few souls that declare themselves willing to suffer much for Christ, but as soon as some grave affliction comes over them they begin to lament and com-

plain, protesting that just this particular kind of suffering is intolerable. Not so Sister Annella. She is buying herself a ticket for eternity, paying the price by a long and painful ailment, and never shrinks back from the series of sacrifices demanded of her.

Her sentiments are well expressed in the little poem penned by a missionary:

I thank Thee, Lord, for suffering;
I give Thee thanks for pain;
For those who share Thy pasison here,
In heav'n shall share Thy reign—
And only those shall taste Thy joys
Who learn Thy cup to drain.
Though worldlings look on suffering
As evil, noxious, vain.
Faith sees it as the seal of Love,
Which Thou dost ever deign
To place upon Thy favored ones.
I thank Thee, Lord, for pain.

Sister Annella's example will serve to stimulate and encourage others to the cheerful performance of their duty in health, and to strengthen them, if sickness and affliction overtake them, by humbly submitting to God's holy will. In the world sorrows multiply, whilst resignation and the science of suffering daily decrease; there is no longer endurance and consolation. Sister Annella has left behind the precious heritage imparted by the practical lessons which her life and suffering teach us. Not a few have already learned this lesson and attested to being the recipients of signal favors and graces obtained through her example and intercession.

NOTE:—A memorial card, bearing a picture of Sister M. Annella, will be given to those who send a stamped envelope to the Editor of THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

White Rose

NORBERT ENGELS

Pale little flower, are you sleeping still?
The winter winds are gone;
The thrush is in the dawn,
And still you sleep out there beneath the hill.

Wake from your dreams, little flower of love!
The winds are soft and fair;
A song is in the air;
Your flower toys are playing on the hill above.

Quiet little flower, are your dreams so dear?
Shadow eyes are weeping
While your eyes are sleeping;
Come to me, pale flower, for the day is here.

A Shepherd and His Flock

From the French, by MARY E. MANNIX

CHAPTER 9

OUR PRIMITIVE PEOPLE

ON the second Sunday after the return of Benedict, Father Sylvain and Legouve,—the notary,—had a consultation in the sacristy before the last Mass.

After the Gospel, the Curé announced the bans of matrimony between Benedict Lemoine and Euphrosyne La Motte, adding that the people were requested to remain in the churchyard after Mass, as there was some information to be furnished the parish that would not be proper to mention in the house of God.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, when the services were over, very few of the congregation repaired to their homes, excepting perhaps two or three deaf old women, and a couple of young mothers with crying babies.

In a few moments Monsieur Legouve appeared, followed by Poli, carrying a stout wooden box, which he assisted the notary to mount, so he could see over the heads of the assembly.

Father Sylvain stood behind him in the open door of the church.

Clearing his throat with great vehemence, Monsieur Legouve began:

"My dear friends and neighbors, I have been commissioned by our zealous and beloved pastor to say a few words to you on the subject of serpents and vipers,—although I will acknowledge that he did not use these words,—he said scandalmongers, but I prefer the stronger expression. To be as brief as possible, there has been during the last fortnight a great deal of slander and detraction noised abroad in our usually peaceful and neighborly town. First it has been declared that our friend, Benedict Lemoine, who has recently returned from America, had received from the hands of our good Curé a portion of the fund left him for distribution among the poor, wherewith to purchase the business of Monsieur La Motte, our esteemed apothecary whose daughter, Mademoiselle Euphrosyne, the said Benedict is about to marry.

"My friends, this story originated in the mind of a long-tongued, spiteful resident of La-Fontaine, the only one, I am proud to believe, in our midst."

All eyes were turned upon Madame Bonsecours, who had come to Mass that morning, possibly to hear the publication of the bans of matrimony between the twain whose union she

had been instrumental in preventing ten years before.

Lifting her head defiantly, she pretended ignorance of the scathing glances cast upon her, and looked straight into the eyes of the notary, whose own did not quail before her.

"You all know," he continued, "that the fund which our Curé holds in his possession is for the benefit of the poor, or for those who have had the misfortune to contract a debt which they were unable to pay."

The eyes of the congregation were now turned upon the miller and the son of the mayor, who had been the largest beneficiaries of the fund, neither of the two men seemed embarrassed or ashamed.

"I wish you to understand," proceeded the notary, "that this tale has not the slightest foundation in fact, but that the purchase was made with money honestly earned across the seas by our young friend Benedict, who preferred to return to invest it in his native land. I myself have arranged all the business; I wish to state also, that the person who circulated this story, has been spreading another tale equally false and malevolent, it is that the orphan child of Jean Brillant is the victim of a conspiracy to defraud her of a fortune left her by her father, the three conspirators being named by this serpent-tongued slanderer as our beloved pastor, our worthy doctor, and myself."

The glances of the crowd now travelled in succession from the faces of the accused to that of the accuser, while murmured expressions of indignation went around the circle.

"That is also a base lie," continued Monsieur Legouve, "made out of whole cloth; Jean Brillant did not leave enough to bury him. Anyone who doubts this may come to my office at any time and examine the papers relating to his affairs. Again you will remember an industrious and modest young girl called Robina, who lived for some years as a servant in the house of Monsieur the Mayor.

"This girl suddenly left the village, no one knew why, until later it was discovered that a foul slander had been circulated regarding her and the son of the mayor, who also, about this time left his home to try his fortunes in the great city of Paris.

"It has been recently learned that the person that invented this story, had done so with the view of getting rid of this girl, because she

wished to marry her own niece to the young man in question."

At this junction "the young man in question," who had been standing at the outskirts of the crowd, stepped quickly forward and placed himself at the notary's side, to the great surprise of that functionary, as well as to the others assembled.

He seemed very much excited, as lifting his arms above his head he cried:

"Friends and neighbors, it was one of the basest lies ever uttered; Robina and I loved each other, it is true, but my father and mother did not wish me to marry one who had been a servant in their house. I followed her to Paris, I married her there. We were very poor, and that is why I appropriated the money about which you all know, and which from the fund Father Sylvain repayed to my employer. My mother lies at home on her deathbed. This week that story was revived by the one who first told it. I have confessed everything to my parents. To-morrow I go to bring my wife home where she will soothe the last days of my mother, who always loved her and where, when that mother has departed, she will, I trust, take the place which her former mistress has so admirably filled. Friends, I can say no more, but wish that someone with a many-lashed whip would drive the liar and slanderer from LaFontaine."

The priest beckoned him from the doorway; the young man ascended the steps and passed into the church.

"That is all," said the notary, "but I hope what I have said will bear fruit. Do not listen to talebearers who go about from house to house, slandering their innocent neighbors. They are the sons and daughters of perdition."

The old man drew an immense red handkerchief from the crown of his hat with which he wiped the perspiration from his brow. Poli assisted him to descend from his perch to level ground.

The priest went into the church and closed the door.

The people then began to scatter, going in groups towards their homes, and, we may be sure, discussing from every possible angle the news they just heard.

Madame Bonsecours walked alone, her head still high in the air, her glance, whenever it met that of one of her neighbors, still scornful and defiant; but that day fortnight, the inn of the "Three Jolly Brothers," was without a tenant.

The grounds of the inn, which stood on a corner about three hundred feet from that on which the church was located, were of a peculiar shape, sloping down at the rear to the edge of the presbytery garden, where they made a tri-

angle large enough only to leave room for a small gate between the two *demesnes*.

This gate had been closed since the occupancy of Madame Bonsecours. One morning shortly after the departure of the former landlady, and while speculation was rife in the village as to her successor, Madame Véronique from her kitchen window observed Father Sylvain in conversation with a man on the other side of the fence, whom she had never before seen. Presently the stranger lifted a hatchet and struck off the bar which had fastened the gate. Opening it, he accompanied Father Sylvain to the house.

The priest led the newcomer directly to the kitchen, saying to Madame Véronique as they entered:

"Mother, this is Monsieur Regnault of La Bataille, who is coming to be our neighbor. He has taken the inn and will reopen it as soon as some necessary repairs have been made."

"Perhaps Madame Véronique does not remember me," said the visitor, removing his hat with a bow that had not its origin in the primitive village of LaFontaine.

"Very well I remember you," replied Madame Véronique, "your father was forester at Chesney, and my own father worked under him."

"Well," said the other, "we are going to be neighbors, and I am glad of it. The Marquis having decided to turn the grounds about the ancient dilapidated inn of La Bataille into a grazing field, we think it a good chance that is bringing us here, and I am still more pleased that we are to be such close neighbors. Our good Curé just now ordered me to break down the barrier between the two places so that my two little boys may run in and out as they please."

"Have you a large family, Monsieur?" inquired Madame Véronique.

"Only those two boys, twins," replied Monsieur Regnault, "they are as unlike as it is possible for two persons to be. But wait until you see them."

"How old are they?" inquired the priest.

"Nearly thirteen."

"And our little girl is ten," said the Curé, "they will be playmates."

He then related the story of the adoption of Marie, who was at school.

The Regnaults had been about a month at La Fontaine.

The two boys had become quite intimate at the presbytery; the gate between the grounds was nearly always open, the father had spoken truly,—they were very unlike. Leon was dark and slender. He had regular features, large dreamy eyes, and was much more quiet than his brother, who was far more active and fond of

"May the Lord keep thy coming in and thy going out."
—Ps. 120:8.

DOMINUS

Placida O. S.



IN the secrecy of her chamber the Virgin Mary kneels in intimate communion with God. As the lily's waxen cup holds up to the morning sun a sparkling drop of crystal dew, so her pure heart, having collected, as it were, all the ardent longings of the hoary patriarchs and enlightened prophets for the Redeemer, sends these on the wings of prayer to the effulgent throne of the Triune God of Mercy. A flash—and a celestial messenger stands before her with an unheard-of greeting and a wondrous answer to her fervent petition. "Hail, full of grace, *the Lord is with thee*, blessed art thou among women," he salutes her. Her humility marvels, her mind seeks light, her will submits to God's decree, and at the same instant the Holy Ghost forms the human nature of the Father's only Son from her own untainted flesh. Truly, the Lord is with her in a most wonderful way! Since that blessed moment God has dwelt in a special way in his creation, wherein His omnipresent essence had dwelt since His Spirit first moved over the waters. From the moment of the Incarnation, Jesus has lived on earth either corporally or sacramentally, in the very midst of, yea, as a member of, His vast family of redeemed children. Where God is, there He is present with His truth and grace, with His favor and help, with His love and His mercy, with His blessing and peace. To have Him with us Who is our God, our Redeemer, our Comforter, our felicity, our supreme good and last end, our one and all—what can be better, what can be greater, what more full of bliss? What more does God desire than to be with us now, that we may be with Him forever hereafter? What greater blessing than this could anyone wish us? None. Hence, during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the priest eight separate times expresses his fervent wish, "*Dominus vobiscum—The Lord be with you.*" It is a wish coming from Christ, for before each salutation the minister kisses the altar stone, a symbol of Christ. When the priest says these words, as mediator between God and man, he desires and prays that God may especially bless and favor those who assist at the Holy Sacrifice, that He may graciously dwell, act, and reign in them, and impart to them His powerful help and assistance. Where the Lord is, there He produces the most happy results, there He imparts manifold gifts, graces and blessings. By the words, "*Dominus vobiscum*," therefore, are wished all the goods which are connected with the presence of the Lord.

"The Lord is with you, because you have been with him."
—2 Par. 15:2.

NOBISCUM

cidat O. S. B.

May the Lord be with you as pardoning Father, when on bended knee you contritely acknowledge your sinfulness, your misery, your need, and unite your humble heart with the Victim about to be slain mystically on the altar.

May the Lord be with you as Divine Counsellor, to enable you to pray efficaciously and to ask from God what is proper and profitable for salvation.

May the Lord be with you as the Spirit of Truth, to teach you interiorly by His heavenly unction and light, that you may understand and love the wonderful sublimity and depth, as well as the unfathomable riches of the word of God in the Gospel.

May the Lord be with you as Priest, to assist you with His grace and power, in order that with a lively faith and proper disposition of soul you may offer yourself as an acceptable gift to the Most High, in union with the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

May the Lord be with you as the Giver of all grace, to fill your soul sweetly and powerfully with the heavenly breath of grace, that it may rid itself of earthly defilement, raise itself above the barrenness of earth, and soar upward to join in the chant of praise of the blessed spirits.

May the Lord be with you as the Bread of Life, that contains within itself all sweetness and the pledge of true, everlasting life.

May the Lord be with you as the Good Shepherd, to assist you with his grace and shield you during the course of the day,—in joy and in sorrow, in fatigue and in labor, and remain with you when the day draws to a close and the evening comes, so that you may "watch with Christ and rest in peace."

May the Lord be with you as safe Escort through the shadows of the valley of death into the light of the kingdom of God, to see "the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

These are the manifold blessings which the representative of Christ wishes us in the name of Christ, and with the firm assurance of fulfillment, for with God to wish is to do. We spend a short half hour with God at Holy Mass, and He remains with us the livelong day and through the restful hours of the night. But how will He be with those who wantonly despise His blessed company by refusing to attend Sunday Mass, and who prefer to begin their race for pleasure without Him? They may meet Him just around the bend of the road—as their Judge.

play. Phillipe was a curly-haired, blue-eyed boy, always eager for adventure, while Leon was fond of going about or sitting in the arbor with a book, although he was never unwilling to join in the amusements of his companions.

Marie, a shy little creature, was the friend of both the brothers.

One day the children were seated on the bench in front of the fountain throwing pebbles into the pool and watching the ripples they made.

Father Sylvain sat at his study window watching the playmates. Suddenly he called across the corridor to his mother:

"Come here to the window," he said. "Look there," pointing to the children. "I think I have found a husband for our little Marie."

"A husband?" exclaimed Madame Véronique. "What are you thinking about? The child is only ten."

The priest smiled, amused at her astonishment.

"She will grow older," he said, "and if we remain neighbors for some long time Marie will marry Phillipe Regnault, and Leon will become a priest."

"It may be so, it may be so," repeated Madame Véronique solemnly. "You have always been something of a prophet, my Sylvain, but who would ever have thought of *you* as a match-maker? What would the people say if they knew?"

"But the people are not to know," quietly remarked the priest. "It is between you and me, and God will take care of it all."

* * * * *

Swiftly the years passed at LaFontaine.

Marie had almost grown to womanhood. The priest and his mother considered the Regnaults their dearest friends. Suddenly rumors of war came to the peaceful village. Then in three days time all the able-bodied young men were summoned to join their regiments. On one bright morning in August, 1914, two diligences carried away twenty-six of the village youth, ten of whom were never to return.

Six months later another call was made and Father Sylvain, obliged by the laws of his country to serve, accompanied this quota; he was appointed a *brancardier*, a position which he filled until the end of the war. When the armistice was declared, he returned with such of his flock as were left to LaFontaine.

The church, which had been without a pastor for so long, but which had been kept in order by Madame Véronique, the garden in which Poli had worked faithfully during the absence of the priest, welcomed him with its autumn fruits and flowers.

The reformation of Poli had been complete.

He had been eager to go with his compatriots to the field, but an unsuspected affection of the heart had caused him to fail in the physical examination.

When Father Sylvain returned he found everything almost as he had left it, the horrors of war had not touched the obscure little hamlet, which did not lie in the path of its ravages, but on the first Sunday when he gathered his flock once more about him, he missed familiar faces that had been there of old, and could count among his listeners more than one empty sleeve.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful June day, the wedding day of Phillipe Regnault and Marie Brillant, for as such she was known and would always be known among the villagers, although the Curé had long ago satisfied himself of her identity, and the truth of Madeleine's story. He had kept the secret in his own breast.

Toward the close of that eventful day, when the young couple, after the wedding feast, followed by the felicitations and good wishes of their neighbors, had departed for a short trip to Paris, Father Sylvain knocked at the door of his mother's room. He found her sitting in her easy chair. She looked up at him smiling, but there were tears in her eyes.

"I am not complaining, my Sylvain," she said, "nor am I at all unhappy, but the child was very dear to us, and we shall miss her."

"Yes," replied the priest, "we shall, but she will be near by, and we shall see her often."

"You were a true prophet," said the widow. "It was but the natural thing," replied the priest. "It was easy to read the character of those two boys from the first; almost any observer of human nature could have seen it."

"To me it has seemed almost supernatural the way you know how things will turn out, and the best way to bring them about."

"You are not an impartial judge, mother," said Father Sylvain.

"Does Leon leave to-morrow?" she inquired. "No, that has been changed, not for another week. I shall take him to the seminary. His father will accompany us."

"Ah, that is good, that is good," said Madame Véronique. "And Madame Regnault?"

"She will not go; they cannot both leave at once."

The priest went back to his study. From his window he could see Poli and his old friend Zachary, conversing near the gate of the churchyard; he stood for a moment looking, nodding and smiling at the two men upon whom the passing years had left their mark.

"Our Curé is looking well," said Zachary to

(Continued on page 140)

Where You Goin' and What's Your Hurry?

ROBERT B. RIORDAN

"LOOK here, Pa, I ain't goin' to call you again! Git in here an' eat your supper 'fore it all gits cold. The children have all et."
 "All right, Ma, jist a minute till I finish this game."

There was Pa out back of the rented tourist cabin pitching horseshoes with a camp acquaintance from Kansas. Ma was in the cabin fussing around with more kitchen utensils than she ordinarily used at home. Here was the Ma-and-Pa family, a thousand miles from their prairie home, on a mountain top doing just the things they would have been doing at just the same time under their own roof-tree.

The after-supper conversation was the same I had heard in every camp in which I had reluctantly stopped. How far and how fast had they traveled to-day, and how far and how fast would they go to-morrow? How were the roads here and there and yonder? How many towns could they make on this trip? Why, I wondered, do these people burn gallons of gas, wear out tires and machinery, rush to anywhere, and then do the very things that they would at home from which, presumably, any vacation is designed to be a relief?

I could imagine the aforesaid Pa any evening at home in Illinois delaying supper with his game of barnyard golf, while Ma fretted and steamed in the kitchen. Were the home habits too strong to break for the short spell of a vacation, or, were they too new at the motor game to take full advantages of all it offered? The latter is hardly the answer because I have observed too many inveterate auto travelers who follow the same line of action, blind to everything about them except mileage and gas consumption, their sole conversational stock-in-trade. Once I tried to sidetrack the talk to the beauties of the scenery about the camp and the historic lore of the locality. The talkers gave me a pitying look as much as to indicate that, though I was a bit eccentric, they would not think too hard of me. As miles per gallon is an item of only passing interest to me, I let the road racers go their way while I rejoiced in my travels alone or in the company of a meager few other eccentrics who crossed my trail.

The vistas of travel opened by the motor car are too beautiful to be desecrated by mileage and horsepower. Let the engineers experiment with those things in the laboratories. There are too many other things for the traveler to do with profit and pleasure, too many things to be learned about our country, too many beautiful

places to be seen and enjoyed. A motor trip with proper preparation and study beforehand can be an education in itself. If the motorist needs rest or relaxation he can get it, or recreation, or sport. But I would always ask him or her, "Where you goin' and what's your hurry?"

A long time ago an Irishman asked me that question. That the Irish are travelers need scarcely be reiterated; they are in every habitable land on earth. So I slowed down to think it out. Then I thought of the German system of travel-education. I was told that in pre-war days, if not since, it was customary for the young man just out of college, or just finishing his apprenticeship in a trade, to shoulder his knapsack and hike throughout the fatherland. This was slow travel to be sure, but the slower you go the more you see.

The German traveler stopped at this hamlet and at that village, plying his trade or profession to pay expenses. Hence, when he returned home he did so with a wealth of knowledge concerning the people, the geography, and the history of his country. Even though my information about the German system might have been slightly inaccurate, I thought the germ of the idea would bear fruit. Wasn't, and isn't, our own United States full enough of interesting people, places, history and tradition, to be worth studying slowly and at close range!

It was difficult at first to overcome that innate American itch to rush hither and yon. The effort has been repaid a thousandfold. My first trip of import was through southern Indiana and the knob country of Kentucky with a native of the latter state as a companion. His watchword was, "Take it easy." He did while I learned how. We parked the old model T under a persimmon tree as far from the traveled road as possible, unrolled our blankets, put some bacon in the frying pan, and hung out the at-home card.

In an afternoon spent sitting in the shade of our persimmon tree we heard more, saw more, and learned more about the country than would have been possible in a week of rushing about. The hill residents dropped in to look us over, after which, finding us harmless, they talked freely. The animal and bird folk of the woods and fields scampered and flew, whistled, chattered, and sang for our entertainment; none of them would we have seen or heard if we had kept on the move. Fields and forests that flashed by our motor a blur of color, became, before our shady throne, flowers of many kinds,

trees of different species, bushes and shrubs of varieties too numerous to tabulate. We left that place with something in return for our visit. Our memory of that trip is a vivid, detailed picture of the country.

Other places we have visited in a like manner, of which we have a pleasant memory and a sense of knowing the people and their land. If asked, we could give anyone a rather good description of the places we have seen. Our motor tours have been something more than an endless ribbon of road rushing under our front wheels. Our concern has not been how many miles do we get out of a gallon, but how much of our country do we get out of a mile.

I would confess a couple other "eccentricities," but as I confess them I would recommend them to other motorists who wish to do more than go from one place to another in carefully recorded time. I like to roll up in a good thick wool blanket with only a rubber poncho between me and the ground. Why? Well, all the rest of the year I sleep on a bed and that becomes monotonous, whereas, among other things, I am after a change from daily routine. For a similar reason I leave the kitchen at home. A camp meal tastes more "campy" if done up on a stick over an open fire, or in a battered frying pan and seasoned with wood smoke.

Now, here is my generous advice, we're all generous with that, to you who go a-motoring. If you are an incurable miles-per-gallon-per-day addict and insist on camping (?) with the old omnibus loaded like a moving van, do this: go out to the country fair grounds, spend the day on the race track, then go home where you have your load of "camp equipment" undisturbed and ready for use. You can wear out as much rubber, use up as much gas, make the speedometer register as many miles as you could going from this town to that, and you won't see any less scenery. Also write all the chambers of commerce along any motor route for illustrated folders from which you will learn more about places than if you actually rolled through them at so many miles per. On the other hand, if you want to take a trip for the sake of getting something out of it, ask yourself, "Where you goin' and what's your hurry?"

A Mexican Martyr

CLARE HAMPTON

THE present religious persecution in Mexico has sent many saints to Heaven—real martyrs for the Faith, as real as any who died in the arena of Rome. One such was Father Miguel Pro, a Jesuit, who was unjustly accused of conspiracy in the attempted assassination of General Obregon, and executed with three other

men on Nov. 23, 1927. A moment before he died he called God to witness that he was innocent, and his last cry was "Long live Christ the King!" He knew very well that he was being executed simply because of his Catholic activities, and the conspiracy accusation was used merely as an excuse.

Like all other saints, he was always jolly and cheerful, and although a Mexican, spoke English perfectly, having studied for awhile in California. He was witty, and used American slang as well as a native. He was in France, recovering from an operation, when the mandate went forth in Mexico, depriving priests of the liberty of exercising their ministry. His superior ordered him home, although he was far from well. Knowing that in a few days all church services and the administration of the sacraments would cease, the people besieged the confessionals and the Communion rails, and the convalescent Father spent five hours in a stretch at different times in the confessional. Twice they carried him out exhausted and in a faint.

But that did not deter him from laboring for souls. Once services were stopped, he established "Eucharistic Stations," that is, houses where Holy Communion was distributed. In this way he distributed 300 Communion a day. On first Fridays there were sometimes 1200. His place of residence was known only to himself, and he dressed in a grey business suit with collar and tie. He took care of the poor too, and found houses for poor families to live in, providing for them with food given him by benefactors. Many of these families' wage earners had been thrown into prison or executed simply for being Catholics, and at the last he was caring for about ninety-six such destitute families.

Often, too, he was in danger of discovery, but his native wit and cleverness saved him. Once when he discovered a "Eucharistic Station" surrounded by police, he quickly turned out the inside of his vest, as if he had a detective's badge there, and began taking down the address in a notebook. The police gave him a military salute as he entered, and again when he left the building, thinking him engaged in Government business. At another time, finding himself pursued, he jumped into a taxi, and was immediately followed by his enemies in another. The chauffeur was a Catholic and did all he could to help. On turning a corner, Father Pro leaped out, threw off his hat, tore open his vest, and leaned indolently against a tree as the police rounded the corner. Lazily turning his head, he pretended to be mildly interested in their mad chase, and they tore on, perfectly baffled.

He was busy from morning till night doing
(Continued on page 127)

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—A martyr of science is seen in Dr. Hideo Noguchi, the world-famous Japanese bacteriologist, who died in a fever-stricken seaport a victim of the African yellow fever. He identified the cause from the study of his own case. This brings to mind that Sir Henry Hind, the world's leading authority on Parkinson's disease, a mysterious creeping paralysis, is dying as its victim for his own experience. Many examples of happier results are had in the past. Spallanzani, an Italian of the eighteenth century, first revealed the mysteries of digestion. He boldly swallowed linen bags containing bread. Next he swallowed wooden tubes, in which were bits of meat, bone, cartilage and tendon. Nitrous oxide was considered a poisonous gas until Humphry Davy tried it on himself a number of times, and showed that the 'laughing gas' might be used in dentistry and surgical operations. Louis Pasteur, feeling sure he could cure hydrophobia, prepared to inoculate himself with the disease, when an Alsatian lad, Joseph Meister, was brought to him. The boy who had been bit by a mad dog, now shares with Pasteur the great honor of having found the cure.

—The center of our solar universe is estimated to be 52,000 light years from us, in the southern skies. This refers only to the local universe, and not to the spiral nebulae, which are apparently millions of light years from us.

—California finds the painted stripe in the middle of the highway around curves of such benefit that it is marking also the straight stretches of road. The paint is applied by a spray between two plates six inches apart.

—Mark Twain said: "I will avoid those deadly beds," when he heard that most people die in them. Interesting statistics show that more people were hurt from falls in getting in and out of beds than in and out of bath tubs.

—Did prohibition come from pure water? An interesting, if unconvincing, assertion of Dr. Wm. J. Mayo would ascribe the spread of the prohibition movement to sterilized water. He points to the fact that France and Italy found in wine a sterilized drink, when water supplies were contaminated. The Teutonic nations found the same in beer, England looked to ale and wine, and Turkey to tea and coffee. The eminent doctor maintains that the introduction of pure water was always followed by the trend to prohibition.

—A cross between the radish and the cabbage is announced from Russia. Whilst it means nothing for the table at present, it is of great interest to botanists, as this has been considered one of the most difficult feats in plant breeding.

—The spring hay fever has just passed. This type is caused by the pollen of certain trees, such as the maple, elm, hickory, and walnut. The only help in treatment

of this baffling trouble is the injection of the proper pollen extract. The great difficulty is in finding the exact pollen which causes the trouble. Recent tests show that also in the same pollen, the albumen content may be the cause of the trouble. Experiments are now under way with an increase of the albumen content in pollen extract.

—The familiar 'Eskimo Pie,' ice cream coated with chocolate, came under scientific discussion in patent suits. A New Jersey court ruled that it is not a new creation or invention, and could be imitated.

—Wire is now drawn for commercial purposes to the thinness of one-thousandth part of a human hair. Two methods are used, the Wollaston or the Taylor. The Wollaston method incases the wire in another ductile metal, and draws the composite rod to the required fineness. The outer casing is then dissolved with acid. Gold wire is thus drawn to 0.00001 inch in diameter. The Taylor method is for materials lacking in ductility. The metal is placed in a quartz or glass tube, heated, and then drawn.

—If you stop at the corner cigar store and ask for a piece of pyrophoric alloy, and endeavor to explain what you mean, the clerk will probably answer: 'You mean a flint.' Pyrophoric alloy is the name of a little black piece of material which throws off sparks when you turn a wheel. It is from the waste product in the manufacture of the incandescent gas mantle, and is used for cigar lighters.

—'The coat and pants do all the work, but the vest gets all the gravy,' is the comment of an unknown cynic. But the dry cleaner will testify to the contrary. The Society of Chemical Industry together with the Society of Dyers and Colourists in London have published some interesting statistics as to newly developed dry-cleaning processes. The newer methods will turn out some two or three thousand suits of clothes a day.

—Can we dye the natural lily? Perhaps not, but success is claimed for coloring the wood of growing trees by injecting dyes at the base of the trunk. A German process, now under trial in Maine, appears to have solved the problem. The success of the process promises many novelties in wood designs.

—In your dreams of perfecting aircraft, you may have thought of the following:—the vacuum airship; compressing gas or air for ballast; artificial control of super-heat; combined heavier- and lighter-than-air craft; channel through hull to reduce air resistance. C. P. Burgess, in his book: 'Airship Design,' calls attention to the fallacies of such conceptions. The vacuum airship fails because the thin metal shell could never resist the tons of pressure of the outside air. The compressed air for ballast requires metal containers that weigh too much. Trying to heat the gas within the airship requires a prohibitive amount of heat. A combined dirigible and airplane finds difficulty in this,—the airplane depends upon the lift of the air currents, which

increase as the square of the speed, and hence cannot function at slow speeds. The dirigible, however, must have huge bulk for lifting, and hence offers too much resistance to the air at high speeds. As to channels through the airship to reduce resistance,—they actually increase the resistance!

—The great trend in 1928 receivers for radio is to the custom-built receivers equipped for complete electrical operation.

—A new three-power locomotive,—run by battery, oil, or electricity,—is had in New York City. The new type of engine is an experiment for use over tracks not yet completely electrified.

—Mental tests, given alike to white and Indian children, indicate that the white child is quicker, but the Indian surer.

—A new turbine-type locomotive, now in regular operation in England, is attracting international attention. The engine develops 2000 horse power, can start easily with a very heavy load, uses the same water over and over again, and shows great economy in fuel consumption.

—The lakes of the middle west communities often suffer from excessive vegetable growths. Chemicals have been found very efficient in destroying this plant growth. The best method is that of copper sulfate. Bags filled with the chemical are dragged through the waters of the lake, the amount of chemical being determined by the number and character of the plants present.

"Applied" Science

—Scarcely one rolling pin in a million is used to settle household squabbles,—but when rightly used in making bread and pastries, it might prevent many. However, in our days the rolling pin leaves dome and dough untouched.

—The mink in the closet is often responsible for the wolf at the door.

—A brief history of war:—Daft, draft, graft.

—Here's hoping that the cantaloup will sever relations with the pumpkin.

—Advertisement says soup consumption is increasing. It often sounds that way.

—If a realist author drives a car, he does not try to hit all the mud holes.

—Why daylight saving when the sun is expected to last some fifteen billions of years longer?

—Modern family without religion has three stages:—Matrimony, acrimony, alimony.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—At the commencement exercises of Little Rock College the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Rev. George H. McDermott, who for the past ten years has been managing editor of the *Guardian*, the official organ of the Diocese of Little Rock.

—The new Mount Grace Chapel of the Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost of Perpetual Adoration at St. Louis was dedicated by Archbishop Glennon on the

feast of Corpus Christi, June 7th. Perpetual adoration was begun in this beautiful chapel on the day of its dedication. The same order of sisters will also open a convent and a chapel for perpetual adoration in Milwaukee.

—The Queen of Spain christened at Seville the aeroplane "Jesus the All-powerful." Catholic Spain has never hesitated to give Catholic names to places and things.

—By hearty cooperation the members of the small rural parish at Loretto, Kan., have succeeded in building a church in honor of St. Mary Help of Christians, which has just been dedicated to the service of God. To finance the new building the parishioners some years ago hit upon the plan of contributing two per cent of their wheat crop towards the building fund. Despite the crop failures their plan has materialized. Erected by gifts of wheat, this house of God is in reality a "Bethlehem"—a house of bread for the "Living Bread" which came down from heaven, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. How appropriate that wheat, from which the Eucharistic Bread is made, should also have been the source whence the house of God itself came into being.

Benedictine

—The relics of St. Peregrinus, who suffered martyrdom for the faith at Rome about the year 185, now enclosed in a glass shrine, were solemnly transferred to St. John's Abbey Church, Collegeville, Minn., on May 1. The holy relics, which were formerly in possession of a Benedictine monastery in Germany long since secularized, were with the permission of the Bishop of Wuerzburg brought to this country in 1895 by Rev. Gerard Spielmann, O. S. B. Until its final transfer, this precious treasure had been exposed to the veneration of the faithful at the Benedictine Church of St. Anselm in New York City.

—The Abbey of Caldey has lately been officially affiliated to the Cassinese Congregation of the Primitive Observance. It will be recalled that the monks of Caldey were converts from Anglicanism.

—The science building of St. Leo College in Florida burned on June 1 during the dinner hour. The loss is estimated at \$35,000.

—Bulletin No. 4, Catholic University of Peking, for May, 1928, which comes from the Archabbey Press, Beatty, Pa., chronicles the progress and success of the great undertaking of the Benedictines in the Far East. The two outstanding events in the course of the school year '27-'28 were the inauguration and registration of the University School of Arts on September 26, 1927, and the promulgation on November 23rd of the mandate of the Registration, which gave state recognition to the University. Among the interesting papers contributed to this number of the *Bulletin* is one by Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, O. S. B., on "Chinese Architecture." Dom Adelbert is engaged in developing a Sino-Christian architecture for the Catholic mission of China. "What we really advocate," he says in closing, "is the retention in our mission architecture of those distinctively

Chinese forms and lines which reflect the true spirit of China and satisfy most fully her aesthetic taste." The chronicle records the entrance of three secular priests into the young community at Peking.

—The following lines are quoted from *The Record*, (St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., May 31, 1928): "A letter received by Father Abbot from one of the Fathers of the Abbey of Santo Domingo de Silos (Burgos) in Spain, mentions that there are still a few monks of their house in Mexico City. They have been persecuted, of course. Three times they have had to change their abode to escape the police. At present they are living on the outskirts of the city; yet they have managed to continue their community life and to have the Office and Mass every day. Lately they have been able to conduct catechism classes in private houses and also in some schools. One of the lay brothers who, through the influence of a friend, was made sexton of the community's church, reads the text of the Mass daily for the large numbers of people in the Spanish language, recites the rosary, the way of the cross, and the like, when the Fathers cannot let themselves be seen."

—The annual Spring Art Exhibit of the Art Studio of St. Vincent Archabbey, which was thrown open to the public on April 22, continued for three weeks. Thirty-five paintings were exhibited. Rev. Benno Brink, O. S. B., who is Dean of the Art Department, is contemplating doing a series of portraits of favorite saints, contemporary dignitaries of the Church, and special subjects.

—Bishop Shahan, the retiring rector of the Catholic University, officiated recently at the laying of the cornerstone of St. Gertrude's School of Arts and Crafts for Backward Children, which is now under construction at Brookland, D. C. The institution, which is under the supervision of Rev. Thomas V. Moore, O. S. B., and the care of the Benedictine Sisters, is situated on a sixteen-acre farm adjoining the Benedictine foundation near the Catholic University.

—The monks of Douai Abbey, France, now at Woolhampton, England, are preparing to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their banishment from their native land. They were established at Paris in 1618.

—A current report says that the Benedictines at the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Cardiff, Wales, have eighty adults under instruction with a view to receiving them into the Church.

—As previously announced perpetual adoration was inaugurated on Corpus Christi, June 7, by the Benedictine Sisters in their new foundation at Mundelein, Ill. At 10:30 a. m. His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein blessed the new house. Bishop Hoban, of Rockford, then celebrated Pontifical High Mass. Following the Mass, His Eminence gave Benediction and then solemnly exposed the Blessed Sacrament for perpetual adoration. When completed, the convent and adoration chapel will form an H. The present community is made up of thirty-two sisters, who came from Clyde, Mo., where perpetual adoration has been going on without interruption since 1875.

A Mexican Martyr

(Continued from page 124)

good deeds, having secret Masses, giving extreme unction, marrying and baptizing. Laboring indefatigably, he still never lost his sense of humor, and wrote letters to friends which were witty and captivating, telling all about the conditions he labored under. Even after his arrest, his activities did not cease. The prisons were full of Catholics, and his days were filled with priestly ministrations, under the very noses of hostile authorities. He also made many conversions among hardened prisoners. In this, he wonders at the effects of God's grace, saying some of the conversions were marvelous. When the day of his execution came, his jailer begged his pardon. He embraced the man and thanked him for his part in the arrest, for he coveted the martyr's crown. He stood against the wall in the yard of execution, with his arms outstretched in the form of a cross, a crucifix in one hand, a rosary in the other. Joyfully he received the bullets into his body as he cried "Long live Christ the King!"

The Mexican people venerate him as a saint and a martyr. Already they are praying to him, and a number of marvelous cures have been attributed to his intercession. May he soon be raised to our altars!

Steps to the Altar

18. Ordination

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

"The Lamb that for our sins was slain
Is worthy of all power and praise,
And angels in the heavenly gaze
Laud Him with chants that ring again.

"Shall not men join that chorus grand?
Are they too far to catch its peals?
Nay,—for the Lamb Himself reveals,
And on this altar deigns to stand....

"To stand and fall, Victim divine,
When we shall consecrate the Host
And, aided by the Holy Ghost,
Change into Blood the purple wine.

"Such power receive—with inward grace
To work this wonder worthily
And day by day right constantly
The sins of mortals to efface.

"Upon this pattern will He rest
Like heroes on their brazen shield
Dying in victory loud-pealed."—
Thus spake the Bishop as he blessed.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Our Sioux Indian Missionaries

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenmann, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

Summer Time at the Missions

At last it has come—that pleasant time when the windows are wide open to the summer breezes, and dear old warm-hearted Mr. Sol is becoming a trifle too fervent—not that anyone minds it, for most people will agree that it is far more pleasant to cut grass and water the flowers than to sweep snow and carry coal and ashes. The mission children are thinking of the long, happy vacation days, when they will be free to run about outside without a care in the world, just as most other children in our schools are. They go home with great joy in the middle of June, when their mammas and papas come for them with the old spring wagon or the rheumatic Lizzie, but all shout back to the Sisters: "I'll be back in September!" and there are some tearful farewells too. For the children love their kind teachers, who have taken the place of their mothers during the winter, and when September comes, they will be just as happy to take their old places in the nice, warm schoolroom, where everything is so clean and orderly in contrast to the awful hovels some of them come from.

Sometimes homesickness suddenly attacks one or the other, and then there will be a "silent leave" taken by someone who cannot curb his yearnings for home, but usually they come back, penitent, and promising never to do it again.

Seven Dolors Mission

Of course, at Seven Dolors Mission, there were no leave-takings at vacation time, but let us hope that next June will find things different. Father Ambrose writes that the excavating for the new school is about finished, and materials are on the way for the superstructure. He has been through five fires in his time, and he wishes to make this a fireproof school of bricks and hollow tile. "No more fire traps for me," he writes, and surely we all agree with him that these little human lives and those of the devoted sisters, and, yes, his own too, are far, far too precious to be exposed again.

The Indians themselves are working very hard to make this new school a reality. The ladies have formed an altar society, and are preparing to give luncheons and bazaars for the benefit of the new building. They intend to invite all the people of the neighboring parishes, and if the weather is good, these usually turn out in good number,

for they are all glad to help Seven Dolors Mission. Even good Father Sylvester, who has a burden of his own in taking on so many new children this year, has been encouraging his Indians to give affairs for Father Ambrose's benefit. They have given several such and sent nice little sums to him.

First Communion and Confirmation

On May 6th the new Seven Dolors Church was to have been dedicated and about eighty children were to have received Confirmation. Twenty of these were also to make their First Holy Communion. A big crowd assembled for the ceremony, but alas! They were disappointed. The bishop missed his train and the dedication and Confirmation had to be postponed until the 27th. However, forty children made their First Holy Communion (twenty of them were too young for Confirmation), and this was some consolation to the Indians. They dearly love the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and will come for miles to be present at them.

The Altar Society put up a very fine dinner, and it was well patronized. Father Ambrose states that the receipts were over two hundred dollars. This money will be used for the purchase of a kitchen range, chairs, tables and other furnishings for the new church basement, where the dinner was held, so that guests at future affairs may be adequately taken care of. The ambition of the Society is to furnish sufficient funds from socials, bazaars, etc., for the purchase of next winter's fuel. This Society is composed of whites, Indians and mixed-bloods. They wish to do all in their power so as not to lean too much on charity.

Now this is surely a very laudable ambition, and deserves all the help we can give them, since money is not as plentiful with them as it is with many of us. Father tells us that he often has daydreams of some rich benefactor taking over a large part of the burden of the school expense, as one often reads in the papers of rich endowments being made on school and universities. Why does not someone think of the poor missions out West? No one ever thinks of these poor struggling churches and schools, where souls just as precious as those in the cities are in need of education and religion. Often, the schools and universities which receive these endowments are already rich and scarcely need the additional donation. Most Protestant millionaires give big donations to foreign and home missions. Why not some of our Catholic rich men? The missionaries out West are kept up mostly by small donations from poor people all over the States. It seems the poor sympathize with the poor more readily than the rich.



LITTLE DAN
The original of "The Little Bronzed Angel"—Marty

Those School Books

Now that Johnnie or Marie are about to graduate from the eighth grade, doubtless there will be many books ly-

ing about the house which will no longer be needed. Gather them up and send them on to Father Ambrose for the new school. Father states that his freight and express office, which was formerly at Narrows has now been changed to Fort Totten, and that all parcel post packages, freight and express parcels intended for Seven Dolors Mission are to be shipped to Fort Totten. It costs but very little to send a few pounds of clothing or books up there. Divide the articles into small five pound packages and send one every two weeks or so. Thus, the expenses will not be very big, and the missionary is, oh, so grateful for every little thing sent him. He asks that winter clothing be sent him now so as to be ready for next fall when the school opens.

St. Paul's Mission

Father Sylvester has been down with the "flu"—a long siege—and when he came back to his desk, it was piled high with correspondence. So if your letters have been unanswered for a long time, that is the reason. We feel that Father has been working too hard and weakened himself down so that the flu easily got him. Yet, what is he to do? There is no one but himself to take care of all the sick calls, which must be made day or night, in good weather or bad, in snow, rain or knee-deep mud—the missionary braves them all in his zeal for souls. Let us all say a prayer that Father Sylvester may regain robust health, so that he may be able to do his work among these Indians, where he is needed so much.

He writes that there has been a sort of epidemic of influenza at the school this year. First, it began with the older folks and one of the sisters; then he fell a prey to it, and after that, forty or fifty children were down with it. Doubtless it was a result of the cold, backward spring they experienced in the Dakotas. We hope that by this time they are all recovered and enjoying perfect health. Without doubt, a summer spent in the outdoors will do much to build them up after their illness. Now that vacation is here the hard-worked sisters will have a chance to rest up a little after their strenuous winter with their big family of two hundred. Anyone with a large family can well understand what it means to cook for, clothe, teach and discipline a crowd of youngsters as lively as they are. It is not like a day school, where the children depart at three or three-thirty of the afternoon. The Sisters have the children on their hands from early morning until bed time, and often must tend the sick ones at night. And they yearn and watch over their charges like the good mothers they are. Seven sisters take care of this great family, and have everything running with clock work precision.

Immaculate Conception Mission

The mission school is empty and very, very quiet, and the good sisters of St. Benedict no doubt get lonesome for their charges now and then, but they are glad of the chance to rest too, since the school year is always a strenuous one. This year there were twelve sisters because of the greater number of children who came, and the present buildings are becoming too small. Father Pius Boehm, O.S.B., superior of the mission, who not long ago

celebrated his golden jubilee, is still living in the forty-year-old shack which was the only building on the place when he first came. He says it is becoming so weak that it had to be supported with iron rods, lest the wild Dakota winds blow it over.

At the time of his jubilee they considered building a new rectory for him, but when the lowest bid amounted to \$11,000, they abandoned the idea, because they had not a penny with which to build it, and besides, they are still laboring under a heavy debt for the other buildings, which have only recently been built, the old ones having been blown down by a tornado. Father Pius also says that in winter he often has to wear his overshoes in the house because the floor is so cold, and there are so many cracks in the walls that the wind blows in unimpeded.

Father Justin, the other priest at this mission, has been living in a corner of the old vacated laundry, having been crowded out of his quarters by the increased number of children. If any more children come in September, a new building will be necessary, for these good, unselfish missionaries cannot bear to see any of the kiddies turned away. They will rather undergo untold hardship themselves, rather than refuse to take in the children who ask admission to the school.

Sewing Machines

Now that Father Ambrose expects to have at least a part of his school ready for occupancy by September, there will be immediate need of at least four sewing machines, to make over the clothing sent in charity boxes for the children. The children usually come back in September in very poor clothing—some in rags, their parents being too poor to buy anything for them. So the work of re-clothing these little ones of Christ must begin at once. There is a store in St. Louis where very good used machines (reconditioned) can be had for as low as \$5.00, \$10.00, \$15.00, etc. The freight costs about \$3.00. Who will be willing to donate a machine, or part of the price of one?

Last year the good sisters of Immaculate Conception Mission were delighted by the gift of six machines from various kind readers of THE GRAIL. Who will do the same for Seven Dolors?

Silver Foil

Those who are not able to send a donation, may perhaps be able to save a lot of silver foil. Almost everybody can have a boxful in a little while, if he saves every bit of silver paper that comes into the house, or otherwise finds lying about. Save all your silver foil and send to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo., who will sell it for the purchase of one or more
(Continued on page 134)



Farewells at the breaking-up of the Indian Congress



CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Everyone likes July, and the reason is simple; I'll tell you why. It's a wonderful time for girls and boys, who enjoy fun with a lot of noise. The crackers pop, and the rockets whizz, torpedoes bang, and the sparklers sizz, and you have to look sharp and tend to "biz," because 'less you do, you're apt to "riz!"

Where are you going to celebrate? Right at home? That's my fate, too. Have to work early and late. Never go to a celebration, 'jes work and work like all tarnation.

I'll wave my flag, and eat my lunch, and you can go with the rest of the bunch; I'll make lemonade and freeze some cream, while you go to hear the eagle scream. You can watch the brass band play; I'll hear the pied frogs' orchestra; you may stay as late as you choose, for I'll be having a nice little snooze.

July is the month of the Precious Blood, and several important feasts occur in the Church calendar for this month:

- 1, Feast of the Precious Blood.
- 16, Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.
- 19, Feast of St. Vincent de Paul.
- 22, Feast of St. Mary Magdalen.
- 26, Feast of St. Anne.
- 31, Feast of St. Ignatius Loyola.

Bible Verses from Grail Calendar

For this is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many of you unto the remission of sins.

He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth.

Bear you one another's burdens and so you shall fulfill the law of Christ.

If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him. If we deny Him, He will also deny us.

They that hope in the Lord shall renew their strength.

Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

One Hundred per cent American

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

"Why, Clemmie, Son! What have you been doing?" Mrs. Weber stopped short in consternation and amazement at the unsightly and much disordered figure presented by her youngest boy.

Clement, Junior, while no cleaner than most boys after a few hours of play, was usually no dirtier than most boys, but just now he was a sight to behold. The buttons were torn from his blouse, an appalling three-cornered rent disfigured his second-best trousers, and dirt, tears, and blood besmeared his freckled face, nearly hiding the freckles. One blue eye only peeped out at her and it was rapidly following the example of its mate

and swelling shut. Only his mother could have recognized this pathetic, abject figure of a boy as Clement Weber. For a silent moment he faced her shocked and sorrowing gaze, and then he gulped passionately.

"Ralph Lowrey said I—I—I'm not one-hundred-per-cent American."

"Yes?" She waited. Then as no more came from the boy she asked gently: "And what did you do, son?"

"I—I punched him in the eye—and the Ryders helped him—and—and—they licked me."

He was in her arms now in a wild fit of weeping, all his humiliating confession made. She held him close, her heart hot within her.

How many times in these trying days she, too, had the inclination to "punch someone in the eye." This was a child's quarrel, but its origin was not in the heart of childhood. Childhood, gentle or quarrelsome, tolerant or intolerant, kind or malicious, is but aping its elders. Blind bigotry and rank intolerance were at the bottom of it all. From the Lowreys one expected nothing better. The Lowreys, who spent their winters "living on the town" and thought education a waste of time, mainly because all "a fellow gets out of life is a livin'," were of the ilk which hate that which they cannot understand. But the Ryders! Ah, it was things like that which hurt. Celia Weber and Kate Ryder had been friends since childhood. They had shared the same seat at school and had lived as neighbors for years until after their respective marriages, when they had dwelt in different parts of town. They moved in the same "set" and belonged to the same sewing circle, and it was a terrible shock to Celia Weber to learn that this woman, whom she thought her friend, had been caught in the dragnet of hatred that was sweeping the country, and had become as violently anti-Catholic as any of the Lowreys. Of late it had seemed to Mrs. Weber that there were hostile whispers everywhere. Sudden guilty silences when she came into a crowded room; the red faces of two friends talking on the street when she paused to speak to them; the coldness of neighbors who had hitherto been warmth itself—these were only a few of the things which made her realize what a fragile bit of china is earthly friendship—what a vindictive viper is religious intolerance. It was even worse for the children. Older people conceal, to a certain extent, their real feelings—but children are lacking in dissimulation, and gibes assailed the Weber children at every turn.

"Do not quarrel," admonished their father. "They either say these things, which they do not really believe, just to torment you, or they say them because they do believe them. In the latter case you should be sorry for their ignorance—but in either case you will not better matters by quarreling."

But Clement, who was passionately patriotic and had learned to say, "I give my heart and my hands and my head to God and my country," almost as soon as he had learned to lisp, "Daddy," could not resist doing battle at this final insult, the insinuation that he and his were

July.

not "Uncle even n in Fr plat that h and C and h labore erranc work that h win th Clen "Thes humili that c He co lick school "Yah! —he's to bri fists a The V hampt the si ism," and fi the "l. "Ne ing fo hood, and I' I'll gi on yo gently Bac ing th troubl be the cident with l to an but m that t childr nothin school have a told h persed with l than G armed clean his co sight saw h the g circles the te A h long-d of the came "Oh going witho up a reache vanish It w bechi

not "one-hundred-per-cent American." Was not his Uncle Clem, for whom he had been named, sleeping even now with the brave, unnumbered dead "somewhere in France"? Did not his Uncle Jack have a silver plate in his head, mute souvenir of the same battlefield that had claimed Uncle Clem? And had not his mother and Consilia knitted innumerable socks and sweaters and helmets for the Red Cross while he himself had labored valiantly cleaning snow from walks, running errands and selling papers, just as soon as he could work his little legs the way legs ought to work, in order that he might buy war saving stamps and help the boys win the war?

Clement was too young to say as his parents said, "These things will pass." His sorrows, vexations, and humiliations were everyday, real, unbearable things, that crucified his boy spirit and embittered his existence. He could ignore the taunting cries of "Catlicker! Catlicker!" and the catcalls that assailed him on the schoolgrounds and elsewhere, but Ralph Lowrey's, "Yah! Yah! Yah! Clem Weber's ruled by the Pope—he's not one-hundred-per-cent American," never failed to bring Clement to face his tormentor with clenched fists and flashing eyes. Poor little defender of the Faith! The Webers were the only Catholic children in East-hampton and he didn't have a chance. Fighting on the side of right and truth, defending his "Americanism," which needed no defense with the right-thinking and fair-minded, he had been hopelessly outnumbered and licked. The injustice of this rankled more than the "licking" itself.

"Never mind, Son," his mother comforted him, turning for aid to that time-honored heart-balm of boyhood, food. "Go and wash up and change your clothes and I'll give you a doughnut—and if you're very hungry I'll give you two or three. Better put some cold cream on your eye." She kissed his forlorn little face and gently pushed him toward the stairs.

Back in the kitchen she worked automatically, peeling the vegetables for dinner, her mind on her boy's troubles. It seemed cruel that childhood, which would be the sweetest of all ages, should be saddened by incidents such as this. Only last night she had discussed with her husband the advisability of sending Consilia to an academy and Clement to the Brothers' School, but money was scarce this year and they had decided that they couldn't make it. Aside from removing the children from the midst of their hecklers, there was nothing she could do. An appeal to the teachers at the school to put a stop to the systematic persecution might have a temporary effect, but her knowledge of children told her that, away from pedagogical supervision, the persecution would be renewed a hundredfold. Clement, with his sensitive nature, suffered, she knew far more than Consilia, whose very aloofness and gentleness disarmed her assailants. He came downstairs now with clean face and hands, and wearing a fresh blouse and his corduroy play knickers. His face was quite happy at sight of the sugary doughnuts. A moment later she saw him through the window, seated on a bench in the garden, munching his cakes and absently drawing circles in the soft dirt with the toe of his shoe. Then the telephone rang, and for a while she forgot him.

A half hour later she was startled by the ominous, long-drawn shriek of the fire whistle, and the clanging of the engine bell. Hard upon the heels of these sounds came Clement, bursting into the room excitedly.

"Oh, Mom!" he shouted, "there's a fire. They're going over toward the schoolhouse. Can I go?" And without waiting for permission he was off. Catching up a scarf, she followed hastily, but even before she reached the front gate, Clement's excited person was vanishing around the far corner by McClory's cottage.

It was the schoolhouse. She could see the smoke belching upward over the intervening housetops, and

an occasional space between the latter permitted her a glimpse of tongues of flame. Other stragglers, men, women, and children, were running before and behind her. Autos whizzed by and bicycles and dogs entangled themselves in the maze of people. The people shouted conjectures and inquiries back and forth, but she could not find her voice. A dull foreboding clutched at her heart—a foreboding that could not be accounted for by the burning schoolhouse. The school was empty at this hour on Saturday, and there was nothing to worry about except the loss to the community, but the sick feeling that assailed her would not be shaken. She turned another corner and came upon the fire.

It was in the west wing and rapidly gaining headway. The firemen were working like Trojans and a volunteer bucket brigade of men and boys was doing its bit. The women and children huddled on the front sidewalk and watched the work of destruction. Consilia waved to her from a group of girls. She looked for Clement, but he was nowhere to be seen. Probably he was on the other side of the building where a handful of small boys pressed as close to the fire apparatus as authority permitted.

"How did it start?" Mrs. Weber asked a woman beside her.

"They don't know," replied the other. "Just look at the old tinder box burn! Isn't it a blessing that it is Saturday?"

"Indeed it is," Mrs. Weber replied fervently. How terrible if it had been a school day! How different the scene would have been! The very thought made her shudder.

The roof of the west wing caved in with a crash, and the wall gave down. The flames, fanned by the breeze which now had free access, began to lick greedily at the central or main part of the building. There was shouted order from the fire chief and the men ran to haul the heavy hose to a spot where it could be trained on this fresh menace. Suddenly a woman gave a hysterical scream: "Look! Look!"—a scream that was heard above all the din. Her shaking hand was pointing to the cupola on top of the main building and her eyes were wide with horror. A dull, incredulous roar went up from the crowd. At the window of the cupola, nearly hidden by the smoke there appeared a small, slight figure—the figure of a boy.

"Oh, God! Oh, Father in Heaven!" High above the shouts of the others rose the agonized wail of another woman: "That's my Clemmie! That's my baby boy. Oh, let me go to him! Let me go!"

But pitying arms held her back, while kind voices soothed her.

"Be quiet, Mrs. Weber. Be calm. They'll get him. See, the firemen are raising the ladders."

Alone of all the crowd the boy on top of the schoolhouse seemed calm, and oblivious to his danger. He was reaching through the window doing something. For a moment they could not understand just what it was, and then light flashed upon them.

"My God!" exclaimed a man in an awed voice, "he's trying to save the flag. The plucky little rascal!" And he brushed his sleeve across his eyes.

A pillar of smoke burst through the window beside the boy. He fell back from sight and for a tense second the crowd held its breath. There was a cheer as he reappeared and renewed his tugging at the staff. Then they began shouting directions to him: "Let it go!" "Go down to the second floor." "Lie down until they get there." He did not seem to heed them until at last he had accomplished his purpose. The staff came forth in his hands and he stood there clasping the flag for which he had risked his life. Then both boy and flag disappeared from the sight of the watchers.

In the meantime ladders had been hastily set up to the top floor of the building and two of the firemen

made the ascent. One waited by the window while the other went in and up after the boy. The people below waited anxiously, while the flames leaped and crackled and danced, and the smoke poured forth; well they knew the dangers the rescuers were facing. A minute went by. Two minutes—and the second fireman disappeared from the window while a third man mounted to take his place. The crowd sensed what had happened. The second man had gone after the first. Was the toll to be three lives instead of two or one? They prayed and wept and cursed, according to their respective temperaments. And then they went mad—shouting and crying and pummeling one another on the back, for a smoke-grimed figure appeared at the widow and handed to the fireman on the ladder the diminutive form of the boy, still clasping his flag. By his side appeared another grimed and blackened man—the first fireman. They were all safe, thank God!

"Oh, Clemmie, my baby! Oh, Clemmie, my little boy, why did you do it? Why did you?" sobbed his mother as tender arms lifted the lad into the most luxurious car in town for his ride home—and that quite without regard for damage to the upholstery.

Clement opened his eyes and stared at her in dull surprise. Then he smiled at the man who held him. "Women always cry, don't they?" he asked. "I couldn't let the flag burn, could I? That wouldn't be—one-hundred-per-cent—American," and he closed his eyes in another faint.

The woman who was supporting his mother gulped and burst into tears, and for the first time Celia Weber realized that the woman was Kate Ryder.

Clement was able to be slightly propped up on his pillows when the boys came to call. Mrs. Weber smiled involuntarily at the young army that met her gaze when she opened the front door at their ring. They were all there—the little boys and the big boys, the fat boys and the thin boys—some of them with their best suits on and some in their school clothes, but all of them with their hair carefully sleeked back and their faces washed for the occasion. Jake Ryder, spokesman, twisted his cap in his hands and smiled sheepishly.

"Please, Mrs. Weber, k-k-kin we see Clem?" he stammered bashfully. "If-if-if there's t-too many of us, just one or two of us kin go in—but we want him to know we all came. We-we-we're awful sorry about Clem, Mrs. Weber."

Looking down at their solemn young faces, Clem's mother had no reason to doubt their word. Kindly she let them in to see the invalid, and while he held radiant court, she stole away to her sitting room shrine to murmur a prayer: "Thank you, dear God, for Clemmie's sake."

LETTER BOX

(All letters for the CHILDREN'S CORNER should be addressed to AGNES BROWN HERING, Royal, Nebraska.)

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

HONORABLE MENTION

Mary Kluber (age 17), Seton Hospital, Riverdale, N. Y., is in high school. Mary is a new arrival in the Corner. She would like to have correspondents. From

the same place Elizabeth Cody writes to ask for more correspondents. Still another at the same address Catherine Reilly, writes to acknowledge a button and to ask for more correspondents.

Pearl Lorenzowski (age 14), 931 W. 32nd St., Chicago, another newcomer, attends St. Mary's High School. Correspondents are desired.

Emelia Jakoby, 921 Charles St., Louisville, Ky., acknowledges the receipt of her button and asks for more correspondents.

Mary C. Beazley (age 16), 1574 Tremont St., Roxbury, Mass., also acknowledges the receipt of a button. She has the following things of interest to say:

May I tell the Cornerites something about Bunker Hill Monument? Most of my correspondents are interested in that. Bunker Hill Monument is on a large hill in Charlestown. It is surrounded by a large grassy park in which the children play on sunny days. The monument itself is a very high building and just inside there are many graphic pictures of the Battle of Bunker Hill. There are two hundred and eighty-three steps inside which it takes some time and breath to walk up. When one reaches the top he is very pleasantly rewarded by a fine view of Boston and its vicinity. Most people who come to Boston want to visit Bunker Hill.

Boston has also many fine museums, parks and places of historic interest. I'll tell you about some more of them the next time I write.

Won't some more of the Cornerites please write to me? I'll answer all letters promptly if they do.

Regina Sims (age 12), Athertonville, Ky., Box 30 desires to hear from boys and girls.

Mildred Leddy, 2485 Elm Place, Fordham, N. Y., acknowledges the receipt of a Fidelity Button and asks for correspondents.

Rose E. Isaac (age 13), Park Ave., 814, Norton, Va., asks for boys and girls of the Corner to write her.

Mildred Bowling, New Haven, Ky., expresses gratitude for the button received, and also expresses the hope that more of the boys and girls will write her. She tells of the destruction of the parish church at New Haven, which was burned on April 15.

Agnes Whitmarsh, 607 Blaine Ave., South Bend, Ind., is enthusiastic about the missions. She has some suggestions to offer. Here they are:

How many of you have read about the missions? No doubt you all have. How many have sent something to help them? If you all haven't, I hope you will.

Do you realize how easy it would be for you to help no matter how little, and how much it would mean to those poor people who don't have life as comfortable as we! If you only sent one thing, a dress, a hat, a pair of shoes, a coat, a sweater, anything, don't you see it would amount to something after all?....Imagine yourself at one of the missions when the boxes began to roll in, wouldn't it make a difference then?

"The Grail" furnishes the addresses of the missions so we can send our offerings direct to them and I know they would appreciate anything we did for them. I found that it didn't require much time to pack a box and the satisfaction in knowing that I was helping some really meant something to me....Let's see if we can't do something. Let's help.

FIDELITY BUTTON

Helen E. O'Keefe, 1706 4th St., Council Bluffs, Ia., hadn't yet received her button when she wrote. We hope she has it now. She also desires more correspondents.

Evelyn Raymond (age 16), 4303 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., tells of a visit to the wonderful Franciscan Church in Brookland near by. She met

tions too that Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in that church when the venerable Franciscan, Father Godfrey Schilling, celebrated his golden jubilee as priest. Moreover, she tells of the consecration of Bishop McNamara who for six years had been pastor of St. Gabriel's Church, which she attends.

Marian Carey (age 14), 1210 S. Jackson St., Louisville, Ky., has been admitted to the Corner. She desires to hear from other Cornerites.

Frances Klein (age 14), 726 Baroness Ave., Louisville, Ky., asks all the cornerites to write her.

Margaret Bauer (age 14), 3117 S. 18th St., Omaha, Nebr., is another new Cornerite. She requests that our Boys and Girls write her.

The Corner welcomes also Florence Walter (age 13), 61 Caven St., Indianapolis, Ind., who "would love to hear from some of the Cornerites."

Estella Sweeney (age 14), 50 Stuyvesant Ave., Jersey City, N. J., is now a Cornerite.

Martha Elsner (age 13), R. R. No. 6, North Vernon, Ind., has also been added to the number of our Cornerites.

Florence Grothaus, Dyer, Ind., Box 94, has succeeded in winning a button. In her letter she describes the church at Dyer. She expresses the hope to hear from the boys and the girls.

Anna Mae Klein, (age 18), 726 Baroness Ave., Louisville, Ky., addressing Aunt Agnes, writes:

I have received several correspondents since you published my want of them in the Grail. I have two girls and four boys corresponding with me now.

Aunt Agnes, do you know what most of the people of the South and other parts of the United States were thinking of on the nineteenth day of May? Was it politics or scandal? No! Then what? Why the Kentucky Derby of course. This day is the test of horse-flesh at the famous Churchill Downs. Come on, Cornerites, and I will show you.

First you get into a mob, pushing and jerking, but we don't mind that because we will soon be inside the gates. Once inside, you find excitement everywhere. People are waving, betting on the horses and arguing favorites. You see people from every state, governors, mayors, social leaders, and even people of royalty are at the Downs. The weather is cloudy and it looks like rain every minute. Then comes an awful crash and a downpour which lasts until five o'clock.

They're off! comes the cry from thousands of throats and you crane your neck to see the horses fly past. It looks like a splash of mud because they go so fast. These races continue until five o'clock then comes the Derby.

All the horses line up. Everyone has a winner picked. There is no time to get uneasy because no time is lost. The pistol shot! They give a big leap and are off. Come on, Mistep! Come on, Reign Count! Who wins? Reign Count comes first, then Mistep followed by Toro. The fifty-fourth Kentucky Derby is over. Good luck to all!

Exchange Smiles

Marjorie came home, after her first day at school, crying as if her heart would break. Her mother asked the reason for it.

"Teacher promised me a present, but she didn't give it to me," sobbed Marjorie.

"Teacher promised you a present?" marveled her mother. "That's funny. First time I ever heard of such a thing."

"Well," explained Marjorie, "she was giving out seats, and she called me and said, 'Marjorie, you sit here for the present.'—Ex.

Upon being told to run upstairs and wash his face

so he could go driving with Grandma in case that she wished to go, Willie said, "Mother, we better find out for sure if Grandma is going. It would be too bad to wash for nothing."

"Billy, what do you know about 'Margaret of Anjou?'" asked the teacher, who had explained the lesson on "the Wars of the Roses."

"She was very fat," replied Billy.

"How do you make that out?" inquired the teacher.

"Well, it says that she was one of Richard's stoutest opponents."

"A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father is, Freddy."

"What did it say?"

"Cheep, cheep."

"Well, you haven't anything on me, Tom. A duck told me what kind of a doctor your father is."

"Quack! Quack!"

Office Boy (giving valuable hints to a newcomer)—"And say, you have nothing to do with Moloney."

New Boy—"What's the matter with him?"

Office Boy—"He's a coward, that's why. He sneaked up to me yesterday and kicked me in the stomach, when me back was turned."

Tommie was told to make a sentence containing the words "handsome" and "ransom." Here it is:

A tomcat sat on the sewing machine,

So sweet and fine and han'some;

Till he got ten stitches in his tail,

Then, believe me, folks, he ran some.

Our Frontispiece

As we contemplate this picture by Carl Mueller we can almost hear the strains of celestial harmony elicited from the viol by angelic fingers. Here all is in sweet accord with the divine plan. We have here the Holy Family, because God is in its midst; the Ideal Family, because it has a Child; the Model Family, because father, mother, and Child are bound together by the inseparable bond of true love. A child is a gift of God destined to serve as a link that unites the hearts of the parents and binds them to Him. Father and mother are to center, to lavish their love and care upon their child, and by rearing it for God, to go themselves to Him. This right ordering of the mutual relations of the individual members of the family is the pledge of true harmony and peace. Where one or more of these elements is missing, there will be discord and discontent. When God is excluded from the family, the child not wanted, and the place of self-sacrificing love is usurped by a self-seeking, comfort-loving egoism, there we shall look in vain for the blessing of God and all the goods which He bestows on those who seek in all things to do His will.—P. K.

All on a Summer's Cruise

(Continued from page 109)

fog settled down over us suddenly, and we anchored not far from the town until morning, whence we were off for Leith, the harbor of Edinburgh.

Abbey and Seminary

—The school-weary lad has gladly laid aside his books till September and has sought balmy skies and more congenial tasks. How he yearned for the cessation of class and study periods and longed for the advent of vacation, which is now a reality, a precious possession. June 16th saw our boys depart for home. We have a faint suspicion, too, that the professors are not adverse to a change in their field of labor. Some of the latter have gone to the university to add a mite to their stock of book larnin'. Father Stephen, while working for a degree in music, will continue as in past summers to give instruction in Gregorian chant at Notre Dame. Father Thomas will perform a similar task at Sacred Heart Academy, Louisville. Others of the faculty will take charge of parishes for a part, or the whole, of the summer. During the second week in June Father Ignatius gave a retreat to the monks of St. Benedict's Abbey at Atchison. In July he will conduct the spiritual exercises also for the Benedictine Sisters at St. Scholastica Convent in the same city.—During the hot season now approaching ye editor will with one hand mop away the perspiration from his fevered brow while with the other he pushes the quill—and at the same time help to keep the embers of the home fires aglow. But then even a busy editor is sometimes compensated by being privileged to attend the Catholic Press conventions where he can meet his compeers who are helping to mold public opinion, rub elbows with other literary lights of greater or lesser magnitude, and come back to his desk with a new idea or two, old ideas refurbished, encouraged and strengthened for another year's labor. The recent convention, which was well attended, brought the fraternity together in the metropolis of the "far" East—the five-mile limit was not exceeded, Coney Island being the limit, the nearest to sea that the delegates came. The able papers read and discussed were practical and helpful. Personal contact with one's fellow editors is gratifying and mutually beneficial.—On the return trip we were agreeably surprised to find a former pupil, Rev. George Pauliukas, now Father Bonaventure, O. P., in the Dominican house of studies at Washington. We also met two others of our alumni—Fathers Clement Bastnagel and Leon A. McNeill, who are working for degrees at the Catholic U. Father Bonaventure is doing postgraduate work in theology.

—On May 27th the Rt. Rev. Ordinary of the diocese, Bishop Joseph Chartrand, arrived for the annual ordinations. Fourteen students of theology received the two first minor orders of ostiary and lector, while sixteen others were given the minor orders of exorcist and acolyte. Of the seventeen who received the subdiaconate fourteen were promoted to the diaconate. Ten of the outgoing class received the order of priesthood at Pontifical High Mass in the Abbey Church on May 29. The remaining eight went to their respective ordinaries, who conferred the priesthood on them some days later. Our own community was increased by the ordination of two clerics, F. Damian Preske, O. S. B., and F. Victor Dux, O. S. B. Both celebrated their first Masses

in their home towns on June 3rd—the former at St. Anthony Church, Evansville; the latter, at Beech Grove (Indianapolis). Many visitors were present at the ordinations. More than one hundred priests were in the sanctuary for the impressive ceremony of the imposition of hands.

—Rt. Rev. Emmanuel B. Ledvina, Bishop of Corpus Christi, who was on a confirming tour in the western part of our diocese, came to the Abbey on June 4th. The following morning he administered confirmation in the Abbey Church. Several of the younger students were among those who received this holy sacrament.

—Despite the frequent rains that preceded it, the feast of Corpus Christi (Thursday, June 7) was an ideal day. The weather was perfect. The beautiful procession that formed after High Mass circled the summit of the hill. Mother Nature could scarcely have been more attractive and charming in her lovely attire and the glorious sunshine of her smile.

—In the convent of the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand Father Abbot invested early in June seventeen young ladies with the habit of St. Benedict. On the same occasion eight novices made vows. Father Stephen preached the festive sermon. He also functioned as master of ceremonies.

—Father Nicholas, O. F. M., of Chicago, conducted the second retreat at the Abbey from June 17 to 22 with marked success.

Book Notices

Many teachers of history will welcome *Ancient and Medieval History*, which is a new edition of the Better-Kauffmann histories (XIV and 596 pages; Allyn & Bacon, Publishers). The subject matter of *Ancient World and Modern World* has been recast. The first volume of this new edition—*Ancient and Modern History*—brings the narrative down to the eve of the so-called Reformation. A second volume will treat modern history more extensively than was possible in the earlier edition. This arrangement will meet with the approval of those teachers and schools who prefer to give more time to the modern period. The new edition carries all the good points of the former—a profusion of illustrations and maps, judiciously chosen, book lists, exercises, alphabetical index with diacritical marks and accentuation. C. G.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 129)

machines for Seven Dolors. Perhaps some persons may be able to send a dollar toward a machine; that will be very satisfactory. Five such donations will purchase a machine. These machines are held by a reputable department store, who will back their goods and guarantee them.

Beadwork Department

We take pleasure herewith in thanking all our kind readers who have been so faithful in ordering beadwork to help out the missions and the poor struggling Indian women who have no other means of livelihood. The missionaries state that there is no other way to dispose of these goods except through the publicity given them in THE GRAIL. Let us continue to help them. We have just received a beautiful patch quilt top at \$3.50. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Faith of His Fathers

WHEN Forrestine Van Cleve married Dido Reppo, there was opposition all along the line in her family. For one, they averred they disliked the mixture of race, and for another, Dido had odd, uncertain ways of making money which did not jibe at all with the steady-going, plodding family of Van Cleve; a third reason was the lack of religion in both the young people.

"Aren't you even going to be married at the rectory?" asked her Aunt Helena. "I should think you would please your mother that far anyway."

"Well, if I please mother, then father will be displeased. You know he is a Theosophist and can't see Episcopalianism. So we'll just go to a justice and be done with it."

"But, Dido, I thought all of his race were Catholics. Some kind of religion is better than nothing at all. Doesn't he say anything?" Forrestine shrugged her shoulders and laughed in her worldly-wise way.

"Oh, Aunt! You dear old-fashioned thing! Don't you know that religion is a thing of the past? Only foolish, moss-grown people cling to it. Dido is a modern—and I am proud of him for it. You ought to hear him argue evolution, and the non-existence of heaven and hell! It would do you good!" Her aunt put her hands to her ears and her face wore an expression of horror.

"Forrestine! Aren't you afraid Almighty God will punish you for insulting Him like that?"

"Pooh! Aunt, do you think for an instant I believe in a jealous deity, who watches our every little movement that he might punish us for it? That is perfectly ridiculous! If there were such a person, he wouldn't have time to pay attention to so many millions of people and their silly mistakes and peccadillos."

"This is terrible! Your mother is just about prostrated." Forrestine made a gesture of unbelief.

"Pshaw! Aunt, she didn't look like it this morning when she went to church all dressed up in her new maize crepe, and bengaline coat with the butter mole fur trimming, to say nothing of her new French toque of red satin, embroidered with the signs of the zodiac in gold!"

"All the same she feels it. I should say she indulges in those things in order to forget her troubles."

"Well, her folks didn't want her to marry my daddy,

but she had her way, and I suppose I'm a chip off the old block, Aunt. Don't worry; we'll make it go. We're two of a kind." And she laughed light-heartedly.

The marriage took place when and where the young folks chose. They took a small place of two house-keeping rooms—"because we're not going to be at home much. We'll be out enjoying ourselves most of the time," explained Forrestine to her horrified relatives, who thought that nothing less than five rooms with bath and furnace, and the regulation furniture outfit would do.

"Don't you ever expect to settle down and have a home?" she was asked. Forrestine smiled cynically.

"Do I look like I'd be tied to a washboard or three-times-a-day dish-washing or anything like that? Dido knows better than to ask me. You see, it's this way: with the checks you people have given us for wedding presents, we're going to buy a car. And so that we'll be able to pay for its upkeep, we'll have to hold down the home expense." The relatives shook their heads and warned her, but to no avail.

Dido and Forrestine had the time of their young lives. While Dido was away during the day, earning shekels in a way known best only to himself, Forrestine, having straightened up the two rooms in her swift, sleight-of-hand fashion, fared forth to the downtown district, where she roamed the shops all day, met friends, had tea and went to shows with them, and then met her husband evenings at a certain corner, where he gathered her up into the glistening, softly-purring, low, grey, sport model, and glided off for supper to some inexpensive but comfortable restaurant, where his cronies usually met of an evening to discuss the very newest in "modern thought," the new kinds of "isms," and various different philosophies. After this they usually were off, sometimes to the country, where they stopped off for dancing and a late, almost-midnight dinner, or to a show, or to some of their friends' homes, where noise and music and merriment were the order of the evening.

One day—it was a Sunday morning, and Forrestine and Dido had slept later after a Saturday night party—there was a knock on the door, and—in walked her mother and her Aunt Helena.

"Well, children, we hope you'll pardon us for coming in on you thus unexpectedly, but we see almost nothing of you, and it is impossible to find you home either day or night. So we hit on Sunday morning as the most

likely time," explained her aunt. Forrestine was slightly—very slightly, ashamed of the disorderly aspect of the rooms, but pulled two chairs from under a litter of Sunday morning papers, and asked them to be seated. Forrestine herself was looking rather "seedy" in a lavender silk dressing gown, (which, although it had been part of her trousseau, was already frayed out at the bottom, to say nothing of its soiled lace and wrinkles) hair done up in waving combs and tied with a piece of green rag, and face looking rather pale and dissipated in the absence of make-up.

"You'll have to excuse the looks of the place, dears," she said, "but you've brought it on yourselves. Next time give us a ring before you come."

"My dear!" expostulated her aunt, "by this time every morning I've my whole house of eight rooms all cleaned up spick and span—in fact, anyone can pop in suddenly from 9:30 on and find everything in its place."

"I could never hope to be such a wonderful housekeeper as you are, Aunt; so it's no use for me to try." Her mother was looking about the room.

"Dearie, this isn't the kind of place I expected you to be in. It's just—well, a little shabby, don't you think?"

"Oh, we don't mind that, do we Dido? We're in it so little. What's the use of having a lot of junk and knickknacks about to clean—you only wear yourself out chasing around with dust rags. M-Mmmm—not for me!" Meanwhile her aunt had spied something hidden under the dresser. It was an end of an exquisitely embroidered linen tablecloth, which her Aunt Helena had given her for a wedding present, along with other things.

"Heavens, Forrestine! Don't tell me that's the tablecloth I sat up nights for six months embroidering for you! No! I can't believe it!" Before Forrestine could stop her, she had dragged it out—and scattered a litter of egg shells, lemon rinds, banana skins, cake crumbs, bottle caps and sardine tins all over the faded carpet. The cloth itself was stained hopelessly with mustard, tomato juice, and various other spots.

"To think that I labored over that cloth six months! Had I known that, I would have bought you a plain damask one out of the department store and hemmed it on the machine!" Forrestine was red with confusion.

"Oh, that's all right," she replied. "You see, we had a couple of friends in Friday night, and ate a little lunch together. I can easily send the cloth down the street to the hand laundry—they launder things exquisitely down there. Every one of those stains will come out—the lady sees to that."

"Yes, she'll probably use chloride of lime on it, and the material will be eaten through in no time." Her mother was sadly shaking her head.

"Forrestine, Forrestine, I never thought you were going to live like this. It's terrible! No kind of a housekeeper at all—just dragging out a useless existence. You can't go on like that." Here Dido put in.

"I don't want her to work. She's too young for any heavy housekeeping. Time enough for that later on." But Forrestine did not like that.

"Later on!" she cried, turning on him. "If you

think I'm ever going to worry over dishes and socks to darn and a bunch of useless rooms to clean, you're highly mistaken."

"Well, all right! All right! I never said you had to, did I?" he returned, bridling a little. They left in a little while, completely scandalized.

"Agnes, I tell you, that girl is going to have an awful time some day. I hate to think what sort of an end she'll have," said her aunt.

"I know, I know. But I couldn't ever do a thing with her. She wouldn't learn to keep house or sew, or any of the things I wanted to teach her. Well, she'll have to learn her own lesson."

"Yes, sir! When the hard knocks begin, she'll come to her senses."

Over at the "light housekeeping rooms" the pair looked at each other. "The place does look a fright, doesn't it," conceded Dido.

"I'll say. But who'd have guessed that they would pop in? Anyway they should have let us know. That's no way to break in on a person," and Forrestine pursed her lips poutingly.

"Let's clean it up a bit," suggested her husband, "before anyone else blows in." Forrestine yawned.

"Pshaw, I'm too tired. Think I'll get back in bed and have another nap. If anyone knocks, don't open next time." Forrestine was as good as her word, but Dido rose and began picking up the scattered papers, placing them on the small table, crowded with the remains of a sent-up breakfast from the corner delicatessen. Discarded clothing he threw under the bed. The paper plates, bread crust, cigarette ends, etc., he wrapped into a newspaper and stuffed in a corner behind a wardrobe. Then, with a whisk broom, in lieu of a broom, he swept all scraps and particles from the center of the floor under the surrounding furniture.

"There now," he said, pleased with his quick work. "It looks a little better."

"Too late now when they're gone," laughed Forrestine. Dido looked at his wrist watch.

"Nearly lunch time. Shall we go out? It's a good day. We might ride out to the country for a chicken dinner."

"Why not drop over to Jack and Martia's flat? They might give us something. They've been here often enough. Time for them to pay us back."

"Yeah; that's right too. Come on then; it's a go." Forrestine rose, still yawning. Going to the closet, she fingered over her gowns.

"Gosh, Dido, I'll have to have a new dress to-morrow or at least in a day or two. My clothes are a sight." Dido took out his money and counted it.

"I'm afraid you can't do it, kid. I've only fifteen dollars here, and you wouldn't look at a dress under thirty or forty."

"Well, can't you get some more money? When does that bunch you work for pay you? I haven't had a new dress since I'm married."

"I know, dear. I'll get them to give me some in a day or so. Just be patient. You see, the car, and

eating out and going about so much takes about all I can muster, to say nothing of the rent."

"Pshaw, Dido, I wish you'd get a regular job. Working for those fellows is dangerous anyway. If mother knew what you do, she'd throw a fit."

"Well, just keep mum about it; it's good money while it lasts."

"Yes, but it's so uncertain, and we could use a lot more than they give you. Are we going to live like this all our lives?"

"Well, how do you want to live? I thought you're perfectly satisfied."

"I thought I didn't care at first, but really, come to think of it, this is a frightful dump, really. A nice little apartment uptown with decent furnishings wouldn't be out of the way."

"Now, there you go. You'll have to wait. I got a tip the other day—chance to work for one of the big guys. I'm going up to see him, and if he takes me, I'll name a big, stiff price for my services."

"Well, come on, if you're going with me to Martia's. I'm all ready. Haven't got much choice of clothes. This red crepe is the best I've got, and the rest are all rags. Doesn't take me long to dress these days."

So they went to Jack's and Martia's, and found their flat in much the same disorder as their own apartment, nor did they make any attempt to excuse themselves, or clean things up a bit.

After sitting around until two o'clock, without any move or mention being made about lunch, Forrestine sprang up.

"Gosh, I'm getting so hungry I could eat up your table and chairs, Martia. Come on Dido. We must get out to that dinner appointment we have. Got to hustle or we'll be late."

"We're not eating any lunch to-day," explained Martia languidly. "We had our breakfast at eleven, so are not hungry. Sorry we can't give you a bite, but there isn't a thing in the house."

"Did you ever see the like?" asked Forrestine after she and Dido were seated in their car and spinning out to the country. "We've fed them at least a dozen times, and that's how they treat us."

* * * * *

A year passed; but Dido did not "get in" with the big boss, and finances were as uncertain as ever. Forrestine had not been feeling well, so Dido went off to his "work" without awaking her in the mornings. Then, one morning, she awoke, wondering when these queer, ill sensations would cease. She had never been ill in her life, and she was beginning to be frightened. So she went to see a doctor. When she left his office, she did not remain downtown as was her usual custom, spending the day as it pleased her. Instead, she went straight home, feeling weak and distraught.

There it was; the frightened truth—she was face to face with real life at last. No more butterflying—no more easy, carefree days downtown with her friends. She fought against the thought—her soul beat against its prison bars and tried to escape—but no; the truth

remained—she was a woman—there was no getting away from that—and, she was about to pursue her God-given vocation. In vain she wept, prayed to that God she professed not to believe in, begged that it might not be so—but alas, it was true nevertheless, and God's miracle would go on in spite of her futile rebellion.

Five o'clock came, and Dido wondered why Forrestine was not at her accustomed corner waiting for him. He waited fifteen minutes, worried, and then made for home. He found her sitting by the window, in a not very happy mood.

"Forrestine, are you so ill?" he asked, kneeling down beside her. Then she told him. For a moment he looked at her, stunned, then he took her by both shoulders, and looked some more. It seemed he never could look enough; in his eyes she was a changed person—something ethereal, wonderful.

Forrestine—darling—won't it be great? I'll have to get a real job now, and when I do, we'll get a flat and furnish it, and have a real home. We can't keep on living like this—after that." And because he saw it that way, her spirits rose a little, and she began to feel more cheerful.

As the days passed, Dido lived in a rosy dream; the thought of the miracle being enacted in his home enveloped his very soul, and kept it kneeling in reverent wonder. Many thoughts pursued each other; thoughts pro and con; curious thoughts that wove themselves in and out, and gradually brought him to a conclusion. Months later, one evening as he was taking off his coat (he had a "real job" now, and they were living in their own little flat), something fell to the floor out of a pocket. Forrestine picked it up and held it up in her fingers—black beads, strung on a chain with a crucifix at one end.

"What's this?" she asked. Then he drew her to a settee and put his arm around her.

"Dear," he said, "I've been thinking a lot lately. You know, I've come to the conclusion that all this modern thought is the bunk. It's all right in fair weather, but—suppose—suppose something should happen to you, dear—I couldn't bear the thought that I would never, never see you again. What does 'modern thought' offer? Complete annihilation after death. I couldn't bear that, Forrestine."

"Silly boy! I'm not going to die, am I?" she asked, lightly.

"Perhaps not—I certainly hope not—but—wouldn't you feel happier if you had someone to lean on—God, for instance, during that trying time? You know—or perhaps you don't know, that I was born and raised a Catholic, but got among that godless 'new thought' crowd, and threw it all to the winds. I know now that there is a God. You, and heaven and earth, and the whole marvelous system prove it to me. Forrestine, don't you think you, too, could learn to believe in Him!"

* * * * *

A hospital room, hushed and still; a white-uniformed nurse moving noiselessly about; a brand-new mother, pale but happy, on the severely immaculate white iron

bed. Dido, on his knees beside her, his eyes like stars with adoration. Her father and mother, and her Aunt Helena rapt in contemplation of a tiny, moving mite in a severely white crib on the other side of the room.

"They're both Catholics now," said Mrs. Van Cleve. "Forrestine joined his church yesterday; they were re-married too, by a priest."

"I'm so glad!" murmured Aunt Helena fervently. "It took this to bring them to their senses."

"Time's up," said the nurse.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Will those who have followed "Hidden Gold" be kind enough to inform the editor whether they prefer another serial, or whether short stories would be more acceptable?

A Buddhist Monastery

A Buddhistic monastery is nothing at all like our Catholic monasteries. The latter take pride in orderly precision, immaculate cleanliness, and neatly-kept surroundings. Not so the Buddhist monastery, which is often perched on top of a mountain—doubtless for the sake of uninterrupted contemplation, such as it is. The ascent is steep and precarious, usually a rough mountain path, which no attempt has been made to improve. The climber stumbles over rocks, fallen trees, branches, weeds and underbrush, even to the very door of the monastery. But, though the approaches are so uninviting, yet, the visitor is very civilly received. Before being invited to inspect the premises, he is asked by the porter to sit down and have tea; while the beverage is brewing, a steaming basin of water is passed around, the guests being expected to wash their hands before eating, a point of etiquette with them.

An ancient towel is then passed around, having, from its appearance, been used dozens of times before. Having partaken of the monks' hospitality, guests are then shown about the place. They pass through the mill, where a donkey still turns a huge flat round stone, in primitive fashion, to grind the monks' meal; then the kitchen, with its utensils all scattered about just where they had been thrown when last used, and the workshop where baskets are made.

The Buddhist monk enters the monastic state for two reasons: first, to gain the esteem of his fellow men; and second, to obtain a "favorable transmigration of his soul." If he has lived a good and blameless life, he will, according to his belief, be taken to "Nirvana," the Buddhist heaven. If he has committed any wrongs, he must, when he dies, enter into the body of some animal or insect or bird, and live again awhile to expiate these wrongs.

This latter seems to be a perverted idea, similar to our belief in purgatory. The story of the birth of Buddha, too, bears a faint resemblance to that of our Savior, which shows how the ancient nations, having had handed down to them the tradition of the promised Redeemer from the time of Adam and Eve, gradually spread far and wide on the earth, and invented religions of their own to suit these traditions. Buddha's mother was said to have dreamed that she would give birth

miraculously to a son. This happened, and later, he was baptized; wise men prophesied that he would deliver the world and others said he would be a great teacher. He became an ascetic, and wrote out a set of commandments.

But to return to the Buddhist monk. He is forbidden to drink wine, eat eggs, lard, tallow, garlic, ginger, and many other things, to say nothing of meat, which is taboo, because no animal is allowed to be killed. He must take the vow of celibacy, and as many others as he likes, such as the vow of poverty, the vow of honor, the vow of fasting, the vow of refraining from wearing fine clothes, and the vow of never conversing with others.

Foods We Discard

"I went to a food lecture this afternoon," said Mrs. Blank to her husband, "and the lady said a lot of things I didn't know before. For instance, you know how we throw away the green part of the lettuce, or use it for salad decoration, and eat only the yellow heart. She said this was all wrong; the dark green part of the lettuce had absorbed thousands of sun rays, while the heart received none—therefore we should eat the dark green part. The same with celery; we eat the blanched stalks, and throw away the green leaves at the top, when these contain the richest vitamins of the whole vegetable.

"The same with beet and turnip tops—even radish tops may be utilized like spinach—she said there is hardly any difference noticeable in the taste, while the riches of the vegetable all nestle in the leaves, which soak all day in the sunlight. Of course, the root part contains some vitamins too, but these are nearly all lost in the cooking, and if one could eat some of these roots raw every day, it would do much to remove the endless complaints of the human race. She said to allow the children to eat carrots and turnips raw; nothing could be better for them. Of course, in the case of some children with weak stomachs, it might be well to put the vegetables raw through a meat grinder, and then serve them as a salad, mixed with some fruit or other vegetable, and a dressing. Beets, too, can be ground up and mixed with something else as a salad. They are said to be excellent for the blood, you know.

"Now, I have always been afraid to let the children have turnips and carrots raw, though they beg for them—but I won't be afraid any more. Then there is cabbage, too. Tess and John just love a raw cabbage leaf, and the core too. I have had such a time refusing them, but the lecturer said that cabbage in the raw state is by far one of the richest vegetables in vitamins. She said, too, that vegetables ought to be cooked quickly, and removed from the fire immediately they are tender, as long, slow cooking evaporates all the rich vitamins they contain—or at least, most of them. Peas, even canned ones, abound in vitamins, and string beans and brussels sprouts and kale are full of iron, so necessary to the human body. And I found out, too, why calves' liver is so scarce now at the butcher's. If you

don't put in your order two or three days ahead, you are likely to be left. It is because doctors have discovered its wonderful power in the building of hemoglobin, which is a substance needed in the blood to form red corpuscles, and they are prescribing it in the hospitals to convalescents, and to all their other patients.

"Of course, she spoke of the tomato, too, but I already knew all about that wonderful vegetable as a builder. Why, Mrs. Lane cured her little boy of anemia and being under weight by giving him a certain famous brand of tomato soup every day for a year. Even the juice of the tomato from the can is good to drink for the valuable minerals it contains."

The Value of Catholic Reading

On a certain catalogue of Catholic periodicals was written: "This catalogue contains the names of 313 Catholic magazines and papers which are now in existence, but it does *not* contain the names of over 313 more which are no longer in existence because of non-support of Catholic readers. Patronize the Catholic Press." A very significant statement. How can we obtain Catholic reading otherwise than by patronizing and subscribing for Catholic papers and magazines? If we do not support our own papers, they must founder and dwindle into oblivion.

Someone says, "Oh, there are too many. We cannot support them all." What of the secular magazines? Do we ever complain of their number? Instead, we are delighted by their tempting variety, and subscribe to several at a time. Why not Catholic magazines? Too often the young people in a Catholic home each subscribe to his or her favorite secular magazine, with the result that there are several lying about the house each month, while not a single Catholic periodical is seen there. Too often, the young folks devour several secular magazines a month, imbibing cleverly concealed poisons of sensuality, materialism, and vanity, without ever leavening these with a touch of sober spiritual reading, or at least fiction with a decent moral. Instead of heroes and heroines who have all sorts of hectic and questionable adventures, we ought to influence our young folks by word and example to read stories and examples of characters who triumph over temptation and suffering and insurmountable obstacles for the sake of righteousness.

Too often secular heroes and heroines arrive at a questionable goal by breaking some moral law, because their God is their own sweet will, and godlessness makes them unafraid of consequences. The reading of such questionable literature bends and twists tender, susceptible minds, until they feel that the inexorable laws of God are not so terribly important after all, and that the pursuit of happiness is the chief object of life. It causes them to become rebellious under restraint, under crosses, tempting them to discount humility and obedience as contemptible subservience, as old-fashioned Victorian twaddle, not fit to be tolerated by up-to-date, modern-thinking people.

To-day materialism is king. Even the babies in our kindergartens have been seen and heard to snub each

other on the make and quality of their clothing. Older girls, still in grammar school, primp and ape their older sisters in dress and the use of cosmetic, and dictate as to what sort of clothing they shall wear. Extreme personal delicacy and daintiness and luxury are the order of the day. Cotton is considered too low and vulgar. The present-day miss must be swathed in nothing less than silks and costly furs. The working girl cannot be distinguished from the debutante on the city streets. Rome, before its fall, was a victim of this same luxury, super-elegance, over-daintiness.

Catholic reading can counteract this tendency—at least in our Catholic girls and young men, who ought to be shining lights to the world. Let us support the Catholic Press!

Have You Seen Her?

Says "The Register," one of our Catholic newspapers:

The city flapper on her walk
Unconsciously is like the clown.
With reddened lips and cheeks of chalk,
She flaunts herself about the town.
Low comedy is not her aim—
She gets a laugh, though, just the same.

It is but too true; we've all seen her, the chalky-faced, enamel-nosed, excessively blushing maiden, who simpers along, imagining she is a paragon of beauty, when really she is being remarked by every passer-by. Oh yes, we have seen them in church too, and we sometimes wonder how they can do it. One day one of them passed by, so red of cheek that a woman companion started. "For goodness' sake!" she cried, "has that girl a fever, or is it just cosmetic?" For it actually appeared that she had been stricken with some dread malady, so frightening was her appearance. Let us be charitable with the poor dears. Doubtless their dressing table was placed in a dark corner of the room, and they really did not realize how they would appear in the white, unmerciful light of day. Or, even if they "made up" by electric light, they ought to know that artificial light softens hard colors, and makes a great deal of difference in the appearance. Where electric light reveals only soft beauty, the searching light of day draws the harsh lines of a whitewashed clown. That, and nothing less.

Girls, before going out on the street, ought to take their hand mirrors to the brightest window, and there scrutinize their complexions. Shun like poison that clownlike white, that fever-red. Listen to what a famous prima donna in the Metropolitan opera advises:

"Cleanliness is the first requisite to beauty; a clean skin, first of all, and then, a *clear* skin. This is obtained by eating simple foods, the plainer, the better. Hot water, a mild soap, a flesh brush, and the finishing dash of cold water will often be all that some complexions need. However, sometimes a too-sallow complexion needs toning up with artificial heps. A not-too-glaring powder, rubbed on, and then rubbed off again; just a suggestion of rose in the cheeks—never a quar-

ter-inch-thick application that shouts out loud to passers-by far and near. The refined girl will make her cosmetic as unobtrusive as possible—as near Nature as possible. One should have to look twice to make sure whether the faint rose is her own, or purchased, and lip-stick and eyebrow pencil should never be seen off the stage.”

One such maiden, when chided for her liberal “landscape painting,” as her brother teasingly called it, replied: “Well, I asked the question in a Catholic magazine, and the Father answered that it was no more a sin to apply cosmetic than it was to polish our shoes.” That being the case, she calmly proceeded to disfigure herself in the fond belief that she was making of herself a raving beauty. Girls, use the daylight test before you leave home!

Caring for Aluminum Ware

Aluminum ware has become a great favorite these days in the kitchen, but in order to keep it looking its brightest, great care must be taken to scour it well after each using, else it will soon become dingy-looking. Never use harsh scouring powders on aluminum, as this dims its brightness and makes it dull-looking. Harsh powders should not be necessary if ordinary care is taken in the cooking, and no stains are allowed to remain in a hasty washing “until the next time.” Next time the stain will become burnt in, and will be twice as hard to remove. Powdered whiting is always effective, and never scratches; steel wool (grade 00) rubbed on with lard or sweet oil is also an effective and harmless cleanser.

Coffee and tea pots with wooden handles should always be placed on a steel plate or mat instead of directly on the burner, as this prevents handles from scorching, and also, the ugly, hard-to-remove stain which continual gas flames deposit on all cooking utensils. Sauce-pans and stew pots which come directly in contact with the flame, should be carefully cleansed around the bottom after each using, lest this difficult stain become set and hard to remove.

When something burns in an aluminum pot, remove contents at once, fill with cold water, and boil for half an hour. Sometimes adding an onion will hasten the process. When aluminum becomes dark, rub with cloth dipped in lemon juice, or boil tomato skins, apple peeling, cranberries or rhubarb in the utensil. Always give a good soap and water bath after using any cleansing process. Percolators and tea pots that become brown inside, should be boiled with a soda solution for half an hour and then well scrubbed with soap and water.

Never allow salted foods to stand in aluminum utensils, especially acid vegetables, and rice. It is best to remove such foods at once to porcelain dishes, as the aluminum often imparts a metallic taste, becomes stained, or darkens the food contained in it.

Household Hints

It pays to buy a good paint brush. Cheap brushes shed bristles all over the paint. Now is painting time,

and the men are likely to have paint splashes on their clothes, (if they neglect to put on their oldest). Rub woolen material with a clean cloth dipped in turpentine, and the spots will disappear. The same applies to shoes. Paint spots on a washable shirt must be soaked in turpentine for several hours, rubbed, and soaked again. Then boil. It is best to do this at once, before the paint dries too hard.

If you dislike the taste of bad medicine, chew a piece of orange before taking, and the medicine will have hardly any taste.

The reason white of eggs sometimes refuse to beat stiff is, either the egg or the bowl is not cold, or the atmosphere of the room is too hot.

Recipes

JELLY ROLL: Cream 1 egg, 1/3 cup shortening, and 1 cup sugar together thoroughly, and add 1/3 teaspoon salt and 1 large cup milk. (If salt butter is used for shortening, omit salt.) Beat thoroughly, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla, and mix two teaspoons baking powder in two cups flour, adding slowly while beating. Pour into large baking pan which has been buttered, until about 1/2 inch deep. Bake in quick oven about 12 minutes, testing with straw. Take out and loosen from bottom of pan carefully with pancake turner, but leave in pan. Spread with red currant jelly and carefully roll up. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve when cool. Beaten white of egg may be substituted for the jelly, and many kinds of cookies may be evolved from this one recipe, by adding flour enough to cut, and changing with nuts, raisins, and different flavors, such as almond, lemon, cocoa, and spice.

A Shepherd and his Flock

(Continued from page 122)

his friend, “and they tell me he did very hard work.”

“Perhaps not so hard,” answered Poli, “but very disagreeable and dangerous.”

“I wonder how times will be now with us in France,” remarked Zachary. “Though the war is over, things are not going to be easy—the whole world seems to be changed.”

“Yes,” answered Poli, “it does, but Father Sylvain is not changed; he is always the same good man, thinking only of others, never of himself.”

“I wonder if it will be very hard for us here in LaFontaine,” continued Zachary. “Some of our boys are gone and some of them are crippled and helpless; there are more widows and orphans than there ever has been before.”

“That is true,” answered his friend.

“But we are better off than many others,” continued Zachary. “You see there is always the fund.”

“Yes, there is always the fund,” said Poli.

THE END

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-:- Dr. Helen's Consulting Room -:- -:-

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

"Good morning! I am delighted to see Annie and Willie back again, for I have not been making it very interesting for children, but I will make up for that to-day by talking for the whole lesson about little boys and girls. Come up here and sit one on each side of me.

"You would like to grow up straight and tall with nice white teeth and bright eyes and shining hair? Of course you would. Well you can do just that thing if you try. Look out of the window at that beautiful green tree. It is about the same age as Willie here, and we have not done a thing for it but give it a chance to grow. Trees are more easily raised in some ways than little boys or girls. They never eat too much, and they would die rather than take food that was bad for them. Once when that tree was younger, a whole host of worms came and climbed the trunk and went out on the branches and began to eat up all the leaves. We got after them and destroyed them. Later, a sapsucker came and with its big strong beak drilled a number of holes in little rows in the smooth bark so that it might drink the sap which is the blood of a tree. I suppose it thought that sap would go well with the ants that it was always hunting in the lawn. Well, we went up on a ladder and sealed up those holes with paint before any insects came and made nests in them, or began to burrow under the bark, which would in time dwarf the tree and make it sickly, or perhaps kill it outright. We are very careful of that tree, and that is why it is so green and splendid.

"Now your father and mother are careful of you, and if they watch you well, you will grow up as splendid as that tree.

"Now stand up and let me look at your teeth. Well, I declare! There are some germs making a nest in your nice white teeth—little brown nests. Now, before they begin even to ache, you must go to the dentist and he will clean out these little nests and seal them up before any great harm is done. Otherwise, you might lose one of these fine teeth, and that would be a great loss indeed.

Dr. H. "Now, open bigger. That's fine. Now say 'a-h! a-h!' That is fine. I can see your tonsils very well, and they are quite healthy, bigger of course than they will be when you get older, but still just about what they should be. Now, the nose! That is in good condition too. Now I will look into your ears. Steady now. There, I can see the drum white and glistening. That is good. Now, the other one. Now, you might take this book and read for me. Do you always hold the book so near your face. Well! It would be a good thing for you to see an eye specialist for you may have some error of vision."

Mr. Rackham. "Couldn't you give him the glasses right away if he wants them. The doctors are always sending us round from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod to Pilate instead of attending to us. I think it is a scheme for making money out of us."

Dr. H. "I want your very fine, splendid boy, Mr. Rackham, to get the best that the medical profession affords, so I am advising you to bring him to some doctor who makes a special study of adjusting glasses to the defective eye. If the boy has some error of vision, and I think he has, it would be a great pity for him to have to go through school with that handicap.

Mr. Rackham. "Well, that's another bill, and I never seen the crops in the state they're in for the want of rain.

Dr. H. "The last day you were in you said the crops were being ruined with too much rain.

"No, Mrs. Rackham, I will not 'go over' Annie to-day as there is not time. I must answer some of these questions."

Mr. Rackham. "Before you begin answering these fool questions, I want to ask you something. I just made up my mind I would ask you, not that I think you know a thing about it, but I thought I'd ask you about this 'cancer' that is all the talk. The people are just dropping all round with it, why, when I was a boy, nobody died of cancer, but some old man or woman, and then they had it on their face where you could see it for years, and know what was going to happen. Now it's young men and women that are dropping off with it, and you don't know they had it till they're dead and buried. You never hear of anyone getting a 'Cancer plaster' anymore. Of course, that was a secret, but if you got it from the right person, it was a sure cure, but only a few families knew the real secret."

Dr. H. "Now, Mr. Rackham, you have brought up a real question, and I forgive the way you introduced it, but we have not time for its discussion to-day. However, I want you to remember this: when you were a boy, many, many people died of cancer, but it was not recognized as such, and it is still an open question if death is more frequent from that disease now, or if the cases are recognized and checked up in the statistics, that formerly were attributed to 'a complication of diseases,' which was the blanket report on so many deaths fifty years ago."

Question Box

Ralph P.—I am thirty six years of age and fifty pounds over weight. Am feeling fine. Should I diet?

Ans.—If you are feeling fine, why should you? Is it for appearance, or is it because you know that you are carrying a handicap of fifty pounds that will tell against you toward the end of the race. If the latter, you have a problem that is well worth studying.

Are you of a family that are stockily built? If so, you may not be much over your natural weight. On the other hand, if you are really carrying excess baggage, it is wise to unload.

Do not undertake to diet yourself, for you may really injure your health, besides making the process of reducing much more disagreeable than need be.

I saw a "diet" recently, and old Nabuchodonosor did not have anything on this patient: a cup of raw, chopped carrots, two cups of raw, chopped cabbage, raw turnip, etc., etc.

Dieting under proper direction is safe and pleasant. The relief from overloading the system with certain food principals is soon felt, and with the proper allowance of the right kind of foodstuffs there will be no hunger.

Excess fat after thirty is very common, and is nearly always the result of overfeeding.

All letters addressed to Helen Hughes Hielscher, M.D. c/o THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana, will receive the most careful and prompt attention. If the nature of the question calls for a private answer, enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

